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TORIAL

OLD SOLDIERS NEVER LIE?

The United States lost the war in Vietnam, but in a peculiar way it won the postwar battle. The objectives of the latter conflict were not territory or booty but the judgment of history and the monopoly of power. Today, Vietnam is in many ways more isolated, illegitimate and ignored than it was during the era of great fire fights and carpet bombing, while the United States throws its weight around the Third World with grim abandon. And the essential moral lesson of the war—that it was a criminal act of imperial arrogance—has been lost in a swirl of revisions designed to justify discredited political aims and rationalize military failures.

In a moral society, some would argue, the men who planned and pursued the savage policies in Vietnam would be tried, convicted and punished as war criminals. Instead, they teach at universities, write books, run Pentagon departments, attend to Central American affairs and ride the lecture circuit. The man who directed the military effort in its fiercest phase has become, on balance, a popular hero. He is waging a legal crusade to secure a favorable place in history and to still those critics who persist in questioning the wisdom and legality of the war.

Gen. William Westmoreland may not win his $120 million libel suit against CBS, which ran a documentary accusing him of conspiring to manipulate figures on the enemy's troop strength (see Walter Schneir and Miriam Schneir's article on page 570). But by bringing the suit, partly funded by the right-wing Capital Legal Foundation, he has already frightened the media and worried politicians who ask important questions about Vietnam. The lesson emerging from the current contest is that old issues never die and that as long as America continues to use its power in destructive and deceitful ways, the old wars must be fought anew.

TALES OF TERROR
Alexander Cockburn

A SLIGHTED CHINA BRIEFER
Calvin Trillin

MARCOS'S AMERICAN WAR
Fred Poole
Max Vanzi

POETRY PRIZE WI[illegible]

KUNDERA
Edmund White

GREYSTOKE/ ICEMAN
Andrew Kopkind

CARNIVAL TIME

THE PHONY PHILIPPINE ELECTIONS

NINOTCHKA ROSCA

The most common misconception about the legislative elections to be held on May 14 in the Philippines is that they were a concession wrestled from President Ferdinand Marcos in the aftermath of Benigno Aquino's assassination at Manila International Airport last August. In fact, the Constitution created by Marcos in 1973 and amended in 1976 sets a six-year term for the 200 members of the National Assembly. Since the first Assembly was elected in 1978, elections were due this year.

An examination of the record indicates that the first Assembly was an exercise in futility. But even if opposition figures are elected to the second Assembly next week, they will make little difference. Alex Padilla, a Manila lawyer and representative of the Nationalist Alliance, a broad opposition coalition headed by former Senator Lorenzo Tanada, points out that "statistically, it is virtually impossible to marshal an effective majority against Marcos within the Assembly." To override a presidential veto, 134 votes are needed; to amend the Constitution, 150. "Consider that Marcos is empowered to appoint 17 of the 200 members," says Padilla. "Consider, too, that the Ilocos, Cagayan and Leyte-Samar regions, where guerrillas are active but legal opposition is weak, already provide him with thirty-seven voting delegates." One need not be a mathematician to understand why Senator Salvador Laurel, leader of the opposition coalition Unido and scion of a clan that has been active in Philippine politics since the 1920s, resigned in disgust from the first Assembly last September, explaining that it was a "rubber stamp."

(*Continued on Page 576*)

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LETTERS.

N.E.H.: OPEN AND PROUD

Washington

I must say, *Nation* readers were subjected to a rather curious exposé of the National Endowment for the Humanities in the April 14 issue [John S. Friedman and Eric Nadler, "Hard Right Rudder at the N.E.H."]. Yes, you're right—we have placed our emphasis on basic educational renewal, on balance, on intellectual integrity and on the classics. Yes, we have refused to fund politically tendentious projects (of both the left and right, as the essay points out). And yes, we have told scholars, schools and filmmakers they may not use Federal funds to push an ideological agenda. You fret about that; we're quite proud of it.

We are also delighted that, despite *The Nation*'s hand-wringing, those you label "conservative" scholars and institutions now feel free to apply to the N.E.H. for support if they have nonpolitical, scholarly, educational projects. We have never funded and will never fund a person or project *because* it is "conservative," nor would we, for that reason, reject it. We're proud to have an open, fair-minded and responsible agency; *The Nation* seems to want it to be solely in the pocket of its own ideological confrères.

As to the particulars of your exposé, we trust that any fair reader would have to admit that you proved against us absolutely nothing. This was not for lack of trying—your two reporters spent weeks rummaging through everything—but because there's nothing there.

We are saddened by only one thing—that your reporters thought it necessary to publish information about applications that the N.E.H. has always held in confidence. Now scholars and reviewers can no longer give us their candid evaluations without fear that their votes and their names will be reprinted to titillate your readership. Although the article was aimed at me, if there was any damage done, ironically, it was to that part of the agency for which you falsely professed respect—the process of review of applications conducted by scholars in the field.

William J. Bennett
Chairman, N.E.H.

FRIEDMAN AND NADLER REPLY

New York City

Despite William J. Bennett's interpretation of our article, the facts speak for themselves. He has not challenged *any* evidence we presented showing the N.E.H.'s favoritism of right-wing proposals and its rejection of politically unpalatable projects. As far as our use of confidential materials is concerned, we seriously doubt that our publication of abuses in the grant-review process will restrict future evaluations.

John S. Friedman and Eric Nadler

POINTED VIEWS

Santa Barbara, Calif.

The Nation should be the least surprised about "ideology" at the N.E.H. Despite John S. Friedman and Eric Nadler's claim that the Reagan folks are especially bent on politicizing the endowment, they offer no evidence of it. All we learn is that Bennett and Company are trying hard to inject their very neglected point of view into America's intellectual life.

As an academic, I can testify that when liberals, especially Marxists and New Leftists, obtain such power, they do every bit as much. But because they are more widely dispersed in academia, they can make it all appear objective. But we do know better, don't we!

Tibor Machan

HUGEL ON HUGEL

Washington

A recent article by Christopher Hitchens in *The Nation* referred to my resignation from the C.I.A. after allegations of "insider trading activities and conflicts of interest" ["Minority Report," March 24]. Unfortunately, journalists still find it profitable to repeat those unfounded reports, more than three years after the event, without providing all the details and subsequent developments.

The original "insider trading" story was premised entirely on the word of two men who disappeared immediately after the first articles were printed. They themselves are fugitives from justice, sought by the F.B.I. on charges of bilking their companies of several million dollars. I have obtained a libel judgment against them in Federal court and am presently awaiting an award of damages in the case. Significantly, since these accusations surfaced, no Federal or state agency has found any evidence of wrongdoing, and I have never been charged with any violation of the law. Likewise, I have not been sued by private investors or shareholders.

To the best of my knowledge, there have never been any allegations of "conflicts of interest" made anywhere. I challenge Hitchens to document this scurrilous charge.

All this information is available in the public record, but Hitchens chose to ignore it and opted instead for an unbalanced report that served his editorial point of view. His selective reporting is a disservice to his readers, who are denied the opportunity to draw their own conclusions based on all the facts, and it is unworthy of your publication.

Max Hugel

HITCHENS REPLIES

Washington

So why did you resign?

Christopher Hitchens

McCARTHY LIVES

Marshall, Minn.

Thanks for "U.S. to Critics: Keep Out!" [editorial, *The Nation*, April 28]. It brought to mind the following story, as told by Jackson Benson in his book, *The True Adventures of John Steinbeck*. In the 1950s Steinbeck attended a Tokyo meeting of PEN, the international organization of writers and editors. He asked when the meeting had last been held in the United States, and to his horror was told that it never had been, because too many writers would be denied entry visas.

McCarthy is alive and well in the "land of the free."

Coincidentally, I just finished teaching "The Handsomest Man in the World," and my students were shocked to learn that the government should find García Márquez's beauty subversive.

Leo Dangel
Southwest State University

DOWNSIAN MODEL OLD HAT

Evanston, Ill.

While I suppose *The Nation* figured its criticism of the use of a mathematical model in the *American Political Science Review* was original, the critical technique of "I don't understand it, therefore it can't possibly be relevant" is rather boringly conventional [editorial, "Poli-Scientism," April 21]. Far from being "Einsteinian," the Downsian model is freshman-level material and has been around for nearly thirty years.

The counterexample of an understandable idea—"a principled party of the left"—provides an excellent example of the misty ambiguities that so often pass for analysis by those who find mathematical models difficult. Define, please, "the left": there are perhaps only about 40,000 definitions of that term, encompassing everything from "left of Jesse Helms" (and by implication left of *Australopithecus Afarensis*) to "left of Enver Hoxha" (and thus not encompassing the People's Liberation Army). All that before we try to define "principled." Such statements make fine rhetoric, but tell us hardly anything about the world. The Downsian model may not be the most profound statement ever made about political behavior, but at least it says *something*.

Philip A. Schrodt

CLARIFICATION

Because of an editing error, Diana R. Gordon and Mae Churchill's April 28 *Nation* article, "'Triple I' Will Be Tracking Us," failed to identify John Nemecek. He is the director of the F.B.I.'s National Crime Information Center.

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EDITORIALS.

Voodoo Banking

The International Monetary Fund is charged by the Western industrial powers with facilitating and regulating the development of Third World economies. In large part, it is doing just the opposite. Policies that in theory are supposed to bring about orderly improvement, in practice produce misery, insurgency and disorder. Something must be terribly wrong with the theory.

The bloody riots over rising food prices in the Dominican Republic last month were a direct consequence of "austerity" measures demanded by the I.M.F. as a condition for continuing its three-year, $400 million loan. The I.M.F. theory held that the government had kept prices down to give urban workers a kind of subsidy for their labor, which in turn made the goods they produced cheaper in the export market. If the subsidy was removed, if price controls were moderated, farmers would be encouraged to expand production, the domestic food supply would ultimately increase and agricultural imports could be cut.

In fact, the only thing the resulting price hikes are likely to produce is hunger, and Dominicans don't have to read developmental theory to see what is happening to their daily bread. The international agricultural system is rough and ragged. It does not follow the neat Adam Smith model inherent in the I.M.F.'s reckoning. When food prices rise in Third World countries like the Dominican Republic, the big agribusinesses do not put their profits into increased pro-

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duction of goods for local consumption. They may grow more export crops—rice or sugar cane—but they do not meet domestic needs. Those have to be made up by expensive imports. The whole system goes out of whack, and poverty rather than prosperity results.

The political consequences are no less disastrous. Austerity, economic depression and the threat of hunger inevitably create violent reaction, which is met by repression. Neither liberal social democratic governments, such as the Dominican Republic's, nor right-wing military regimes elsewhere in the Third World have developed alternatives to repressive enforcement of austerity. In the wake of the bloody rioting in Santo Domingo, the government of President Salvador Jorge Blanco responded with brutal severity. Police and soldiers shot into crowds and killed at least sixty people; thousands more were arrested, left-wing leaders were rounded up and radio and television stations were closed.

Jorge Blanco's is the most progressive government in the Dominican Republic since U.S. Marines overthrew the brief regime of Col. Francisco Caamaño Deño in 1965 (Jorge Blanco was in Caamaño's Cabinet at the time). The ruling Dominican Revolutionary Party is a member of the Socialist International, as are such diverse movements as Israel's Labor Party and Nicaragua's Sandinistas. But Jorge Blanco and his party were forced by their global creditors—principally, banks like Chase Manhattan and Citibank—to bend to the I.M.F.'s iron will. Somehow, bankers know how to get their way in the world.

It may be that U.S. economic strategists are not unhappy about the mess in the Dominican Republic. Jorge Blanco has always been friendly to the American interests that dominate his island, but the presence of socialism in the Western Hemisphere, no matter how tame, is unsettling to Washington. The I.M.F. has a history of beating up and cracking down on governments that attempt even mild experiments in independent development. In the name of stabilization, it invariably seeks to lock Third World countries into a dependent relationship with American banks, corporations and political institutions. It is a shame that the I.M.F.'s victims have little recourse—short of wholesale revolution or attachment to the Soviet bloc—to escape its strangulating embrace.

The Great Poet

China has a magic that works on the words of visiting American Presidents to produce poetry and insights no White House speechwriter could ever achieve. Standing on the Great Wall with Premier Zhou Enlai, Richard Nixon was moved to exclaim, "This really *is* a great wall!" Later he gazed over the matchless beauty of the Chinese landscape and told Zhou, "It looks just like the postcard."

Now, mysterious China has caused President Reagan to transcend the banalities of his Saturday radio broadcasts and the rhetoric of his campaign speeches. At Fudan University he addressed students in a style worthy of Mao Zedong in his more rhapsodic moments.

"My young friends, history is a river that may take us as it will," the President intoned. "But we have the power to navigate, to choose direction and make our passage together. The wind is up, the current is swift and opportunity for a long and fruitful journey awaits us."

The Great Communicator was clearly making a bid to identify himself with the Great Helmsman, and apparently the poetry worked. The Chinese seemed to approve of Reagan, as they did of Nixon, primarily because his presence conveyed great-power legitimacy on the People's Republic and offered the promise of technological support and comfort in the common struggle against the hegemonists of Muscovy. No one ever accused the Chinese of good taste in American leaders.

Whether Reagan learned anything beyond what his cue cards said remains to be seen as specific points of policy and moments of decision arise. For thirty-five years, Westerners have been inclined to see China as one-dimensional—either a monstrous threat ("A billion Chinese armed with the atom bomb," Dean Rusk raved) or a vast market of antlike consumers eager for personal computers and frozen pizza. At the same time, they have treated Chinese communism as a hideous deformity or a passing phase. On his trip Reagan seemed to lean toward the more benign antlike-consumer and passing-phase schools of Chinese sociology, which is an improvement for him but is still troublesome for future relations between the two countries.

One day soon the novelty of cordial contacts between America and China will pale, and Beijing will become more assertive in its demands to be treated as an equal on the world stage and not just as a card to be played by U.S. military strategists and business tycoons. The wind is up, the wall is great and China is more than a colorful whistle stop on the Presidential journey to a second term.

Genetic Preppies

The ideology of race creeps into the respectable precincts of American intellectual life along peculiar corridors. One route leads through scientific theory and educational policy. At hand is the "Interim Report of the Ad Hoc Trustee Committee on Campus Life," a document produced to suggest reforms at Amherst College "in recognition of the dissatisfaction . . . with campus social and residential life," according to trustees chairman George B. Beitzel. The institutional reforms it recommends are for the most part unexceptionable, but its premise is truly startling. In the introduction the committee states:

> Amherst has many virtues. These include a faculty of the highest scholarly accomplishment, with an unrivaled desire and ability to teach; a student population of the most genetically gifted, circumstantially privileged, and academically accomplished young people in America.

In the six pages that follow, the committee never defines "genetically gifted." Does it mean to suggest that intelli-

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gence, achievement, all-aroundness or perhaps social grace are inherited characteristics? Is there a chromosome for preppiness? Or a gene that determines a tendency to make large donations to the alumni fund? Could it be that the Amherst biology department has found a way to recombine dull and witless DNA into truly gifted material?

In a 1983 *U.S. News & World Report* poll of college presidents, Amherst ranked first among "national liberal arts colleges," the chic and expensive, mostly private institutions where really top-drawer people send their kids. No doubt the students come from genetically gifted neighborhoods, prep at genetically gifted boarding schools and, upon graduation from Amherst, find genetically gifted jobs in ditto professions. It doesn't take much learning to break that code.

Mexican Tremors

Gen. Paul F. Gorman, chief of the U.S. Southern Command in Panama, recently warned Congress that Mexico could become "the number one security problem for the United States." Although the State Department disavowed the general's remarks, they raised fears in Mexico that, as a Foreign Ministry spokesman pointed out, the United States could use such an argument as a pretext to intervene in Mexico.

The Reagan Administration is clearly unhappy with Mexico's recognition of the F.M.L.N.-F.D.R. forces in El Salvador, its support for the governments of Cuba and Nicaragua, its refusal to back U.S. military policy in Central America. The Administration may see those policies as a sign that Mexico has, in Gorman's words, caved in to "its own left and international leftist interests."

In fact, such policies effectively co-opt the left. They deprive Mexico's cafe revolutionaries of an explosive issue and give Cuba little incentive to support potential Mexican guerrillas. As one diplomat said of the country's foreign policy: "This is the barricade the Mexicans have made so the Central American flames cannot easily come into Mexico. The government has grabbed an important flag and will not give it back. That is something the Reagan people will never understand."

The Administration's simplistic thinking creates the potential for disaster. Reagan and his generals could easily ignore the sophisticated system that has enabled Mexico's Institutional Revolutionary Party to maintain a delicate balance between its left and right wings and thus stay in power for more than fifty years. In their usual rush to apply the domino theory, the Reagan people might forget that Mexico already had its revolution, in 1910, and made many of the changes that Central Americans are fighting for.

With enough pressure, the Administration could perhaps force the Mexican government to oppose the Central American revolutionaries and militarize its southern border, but such a reversal would threaten the country's stability. According to Adolfo Aguilar Zinser, a political scientist at a Mexican think tank, it would undermine the government's legitimacy, which rests on the independent, nationalistic foreign policy that is the legacy of the revolution. What the United States isn't taking into account, Aguilar warns, is that abandoning that legacy would radicalize the left outside the ruling party. The left inside the ruling party would pull out. Sectors of the military would resist a U.S.-Mexican alliance.

The tactics the United States could employ to bring about such a policy shift—fomenting polarization and civil strife through clandestine support for antigovernment elements—have been well rehearsed in Nicaragua and Chile, and some Mexicans believe the meddling has already begun. They accuse the emerging right-wing parties of being unduly influenced by U.S. interests. President Miguel de la Madrid has already begun referring to them as *grupos antinacionales.* Those parties, which began showing strength in 1982, favor a less independent foreign policy and looser controls on foreign investment in Mexico. One of them, the National Action Party, is also becoming the main vehicle for discontent with the ruling party's economic mismanagement and corruption.

It is possible that the suspicions currently being raised about those groups by Mexicans are only the result of political paranoia. But it is also possible that the *grupos antinacionales* are part of a plan concocted by intelligence officials in Washington who agree with General Gorman's view that Mexico has already made too many dangerous accommodations with the left. The intention behind such a plan could be to pressure the ruling party to tilt to the right on Central America policy, or if that doesn't work, to replace the party altogether.

Even if the United States isn't backing the *grupos antinacionales* now, it has the antileftist rationale, the habit of mind and the history that make such support all too possible. That would be a big mistake. Intervention would imperil the changes brought by the Mexican Revolution and only make another one necessary. Then General Gorman's prediction about Mexico becoming a threat to U.S. security could actually come true.

MARLENE NADLE

Marlene Nadle is a journalist who has been based in Latin America for many years.

HAIL AND FAREWELL

With this issue Richard Lingeman begins a three-month leave of absence to complete his biography of Theodore Dreiser, and Katha Pollitt embarks on a yearlong leave thanks to a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts. Filling in as executive editor is Zachary Sklar, who teaches at Columbia Journalism School. Zach also served as editor of William A. Reuben's analysis of Judge Richard Owen's opinion in the Hiss case, *Footnote on an Historic Case: In Re Alger Hiss.* We are pleased to welcome back as literary editor Elizabeth Pochoda, who held that job from 1976 to 1982.

—The Editors

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

Tales of Terror

"The planned political murder of noncombatants and innocent civilians—terrorism—is carried out today by individuals and nations representing two ideas, Marxist-Leninism [was there ever any other kind?] and Islamic fanaticism." Thus *The Wall Street Journal* for May 2, in a proposition which naturally allows the editorialist to argue that the *contras* are *anti*terrorist. This will come as a comfort to the peasants they murder. Absurd though it sounds, this is the position Senator Moynihan had been adopting before he became embarrassed by the unexpected attention given his complicity in the mining of Nicaraguan ports. Now he says it is not at all clear to him what he should think about U.S. terrorism—an activity which *The Journal* argues cannot, as a matter of political theory, exist.

The mining episode clearly shows that the effect of the Congressional oversight committees has been to prevent any exposure and possible thwarting of C.I.A. operations. To use a word dating from the days of *Ramparts*' disclosures of C.I.A.-National Student Association tie-ins, Congress has simply been made "witting." And in a singularly revealing column William Safire recently suggested that journalists ought to get similar confidential briefings on C.I.A. operations. Thus would the C.I.A.-Congress-Fourth Estate imbrications of the 1950s be restored.

Meanwhile, the Reagan Administration, echoed by many editorialists, continues to claim that "progress" is being made in reducing the activities of El Salvador's death squads, a name that misleadingly suggests bands of psychotics randomly roving the streets and countryside. Although the press was alerted to Allan Nairn's explosive report in the May issue of *The Progressive*, no major newspaper has publicized his important findings. As a result of a courageous investigation in El Salvador—which included interviews with many death squad organizers and participants—Nairn establishes that the very death squad apparatus the Reagan Administration denounces was built up by officials from the State Department, A.I.D., C.I.A. and other agencies and managed with their cooperation through six Administrations over the last twenty years.

The construction of El Salvador's national security edifice began, unsurprisingly, with President Kennedy's Alliance for Progress and, specifically, with a series of meetings following the Declaration of San José, Costa Rica, in 1963, when Kennedy told six Central American presidents that "Communism is the chief obstacle to economic development in the Central American region."

Through interviews with the relevant U.S. and Salvadoran officials Nairn shows that U.S. advisers subsequently set up Orden, the rural paramilitary and intelligence network out of which came the Mano Blanco, avatar and paradigm of the death squads. Around the same time they conceived and organized Ansesal, "the elite presidential intelligence service that gathered files on Salvadoran dissidents and . . . relied on Death Squads as 'the operative arm of intelligence gathering.'" These same U.S. officials "supplied ANSESAL, the security forces, and the general staff with electronic, photographic, and personal surveillance of individuals who were later assassinated by Death Squads. According to Colonel Nicolas Carranza, director of the Salvadoran Treasury Police, such intelligence sharing by U.S. agencies continues to this day."

Nairn reveals that the United States gave Roberto d'Aubuisson the intelligence files that he used in his 1980 television broadcasts denouncing many trade unionists, peasant leaders, Christian Democrats and clergy as Communists or guerrilla collaborators. Many of those named were subsequently assassinated. The broadcasts launched d'Aubuisson and his Arena Party. U.S. officials, writes Nairn, also "instructed Salvadoran intelligence operatives in the use of investigative techniques . . . that included, according to a former Treasury Police agent, 'instruction in methods of physical and psychological torture.'"

Far transcending the recent revelations of Roberto Santivanez (who once headed Ansesal), Nairn shows that the death squads are the prime instrument of counterinsurgency in El Salvador, organized and still abetted by U.S. agencies. The Phoenix program rises again. Previously it was possible to propose this as a theory. Nairn establishes it beyond all doubt. It is similarly beyond all doubt that his findings will be ignored by the conventional press and members of Congress, who will continue to talk of bringing the death squads under control. Nairn spells out what "control" has meant: the direct involvement of the United States in the murders of nearly 50,000 people.

Clear enough for you, Senator Moynihan?

No Smoke Without Fire Department

"Last year," Bayard Webster laconically announced in the *New York Times* Science section of April 24, "in perhaps the most severe environmental disaster the earth has suffered in centuries. . . ." This was a strong lead and I wondered what was going to come next. It turned out that fire had destroyed plant and animal life over an area of 13,000 square miles in Indonesian Borneo.

When the fire was at its peak last March and April, the smoke was visible on weather satellite images. Webster noted that the affected area is the size of Massachusetts and Connecticut combined. This is practically the only way to get a First World reader to focus on Third World problems. El Salvador is often described as "Massachusetts-sized." Just suppose 15,000 people had been murdered by death squads over the last four years in Massachusetts. Just suppose an area that size had burned up in a First World country. I think we would have heard about the forest fire a little earlier.

Springtime and Hitler

What captivated the First World press a year ago was the Hitler diary hoax. It seems only yesterday, but here we are

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ALEXANDER COCKBURN

at the anniversary of that discreditable episode. An interesting article by Gitta Sereny in the *New Statesman* of April 20 discusses the aftermath of the affair—when the diaries had been exposed, Lord Dacre humiliated and *Stern* rightly rendered an object of derision.

Sereny is convinced that Gerd Heidemann, indicted for defrauding *Stern*, was a dupe in an elaborate conspiracy. A fanatical collector of Hitleriana—pictures and statues signed by *der Führer* surround his marriage bed—Heidemann believed that the diaries were genuine. Konrad Kujau, alias Fischer, is under indictment as well and claims to be the forger. He has managed to sell his life story to *Bild Zeitung* for $38,500, and entertains a flood of visitors in his cell.

Kujau boasts that he was the onlie begetter of the forgery. Sereny thinks that this is nonsense and that he is a pathological liar. Last December she published two articles in *The Sunday Times* of London showing that Heidemann had been used by a network of former S.S. officers who were trying to make a financial killing and simultaneously to "cleanse" Hitler's image. Prominent among them was Medard Klapper, who claims to have been Hitler's bodyguard and is a director of a mutual aid society of former S.S. officers. The network's message—evident in the forgeries published here—was of course that Hitler, a misunderstood fellow, had been forced reluctantly to war.

Sereny says sourly that no U.S. or German newspaper has published the results of her inquiries and that "the truth may be that the only acceptable Nazi past now is a prettified one, like the film *Holocaust* or the belief that the forging of the 'Hitler diaries' is a petty crime. The real Hitler and his legacy is something the world cannot bear to face." I don't know about that. The men who set up Orden should be able to face anything.

Mr. Zhou Changes Planes: Tales of Terror Continued

The coincidence of Reagan's horrible antiterrorism proposals and his visit to China reminds me of an episode that was certainly not raised amid all those toasts in Beijing last week.

In 1955 the nonaligned nations gathered for a great conference in Bandung, Indonesia. Among those leaders heading toward the town was Zhou Enlai, Foreign Minister and Premier of the People's Republic of China. The Chinese delegation flew in two rented Air India planes. Zhou and his party stopped over in Hong Kong before the final leg to Bandung. Gamal Abdel Nasser, who was stopping over in Rangoon, invited Zhou to visit for private consultations. At the last moment Zhou took a regularly scheduled flight to Rangoon and his party left for Bandung.

Seven hundred miles from its destination one of the rented planes, the Kashmir Princess, blew up; the shattered fragments, along with fifteen people, eight of them Chinese diplomats, fell into the South China Sea. The British sent divers to examine the wreckage and concluded that the plane had been blown up with a sophisticated device of Western manufacture. The Chinese intimated soon after that they thought the United States had been behind the attempt to murder Zhou.

On November 22, 1967, *The New York Times* reported that American defector John Discoe Smith had published an article in the Soviet periodical *Literaturnaya Gazeta* claiming that the C.I.A. had been involved in sabotaging the Air India plane and that he had delivered the timing device—later recovered by the British—to Chinese Nationalists in Hong Kong. The Hong Kong police described the affair as "carefully planned mass murder."

There is at least the appearance, the strong possibility, that the C.I.A. had been involved in an attempt to assassinate Zhou. In the mid-1970s more than a hundred staffers on Senator Church's Intelligence Committee toiled away, but none of them ever bothered to look into the Bandung incident. At the time of the furor over the C.I.A. and assassinations, someone who remembers the Bandung episode well asked Chinese officials why they did not press the matter. They smiled, saying the situation had changed since those difficult times.

Those who like to keep files on the inhuman beasts who blow civilian airliners out of the sky may also care to recall the Cuban airliner which, in October 1976, exploded shortly after it had taken off from Barbados, killing all seventy-three people on board, including Cuba's Olympic fencing team. As Jonathan Kwitny recalls in his excellent new book, *Endless Enemies*:

> Riding the plane from Trinidad to Barbados, and getting off there minutes before the fatal blast, was Hernan Ricardo, a current or former—who knows?—C.I.A. operative who was traveling under a false passport. Ricardo immediately headed back to Trinidad. From there, he telephoned an associate in Caracas, Venezuela, and used euphemistic words to indicate that a mission had been accomplished. The conversation was overheard by authorities.

Kwitny adds, "Were Ricardo and [Cuban exile terrorist Orlando] Bosch killing people on behalf of the C.I.A. in 1976? Probably not. . . . Ricardo and Bosch *were* killing people with weapons just like the ones the C.I.A. had given them, and trained them how to use." All of which reminds us of Allan Nairn's findings.

Coming soon: the Unita truck-bomb in Angola, and the inhuman beasts who blow up barracks.

Fancy That

Allies in so many ideological ventures—though primarily in their desire to suppress any material offensive to any government of Israel—Mort Zuckerman, spring-heeled real estate operator, and Marty Peretz, galley master of *The New Republic* coffle, find themselves on opposite sides of the fence in their attempts to buy *U.S. News & World Report*. Zuckerman was mentioned early on as someone interested in acquiring that odious publication. Now Peretz has gone into partnership with Wall Street operator Ivan Boesky in pursuit of the same objective.

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SOVIETICUS.

STEPHEN F. COHEN

America's renewed crusade against the "Soviet threat," from Central America and the Middle East to outer space, has reopened an old question: Do mainstream American newspapers, magazines and television networks, with their collective power to shape public opinion and influence government policy, give concerned citizens a balanced view of the Soviet Union?

Whether purposely or inadvertently, they fail to do so in at least three fundamental ways. The first is through a pattern of media coverage that systematically highlights the negative aspects of the Soviet domestic system while obscuring the positive. Soviet crop failures and abuses of political liberties have been the regular focus of American news stories since the early 1970s, but expanded welfare programs and the rising living standard have gone largely unreported.

Nor is the disparity corrected by what passes for informed analysis, even in widely respected publications. Efforts to show both Soviet achievements and failures are exceedingly rare, whereas wholesale vilifications of the Soviet Union appear frequently. A 1982 article in *The Wall Street Journal* by the influential academic Irving Kristol, for example, informed readers that the entire Soviet system is simply a "regime of mafioso types" with "pathological" beliefs and "no popular roots." The problem is not that the opposite is true but that, as a *Washington Post* correspondent returning from Moscow concluded several years ago, "If Americans know anything about the Soviet Union, we probably know what is bad about it."

The second media offense is more subtle. Objective political analysis requires language that is value free. But much American commentary on Soviet affairs employs special political terms that are inherently biased and laden with double standards. Consider a few of them. The United States has a government, security organizations and allies. The Soviet Union, however, has a regime, secret police and satellites. Our leaders are consummate politicians; theirs are wily, cunning or worse. We give the world information and seek influence; they disseminate propaganda and disinformation while seeking expansion and domination.

Obviously, the two systems are not alike, but such prejudicial language is incompatible with fair-minded analysis. In 1982, for example, the C.I.A. reported the existence of 4 million Soviet "forced laborers." The report, based largely on the fact that all Soviet penal inmates must work, was widely and uncritically publicized in the media, sometimes with references to "slave labor." But convicted prisoners in most American penitentiaries must also work. Does that mean we, too, have "forced laborers"?

Finally, there is the media's habit of creating a popular perception that the Soviet Union is guilty of every charge made against it. In recent years, initial newspaper and television reports virtually convicted the Soviet leadership of the following offenses: increasing military spending by an ominous 4 to 5 percent a year; invading Afghanistan in order to seize Persian Gulf oil; attempting to assassinate the Pope; waging chemical warfare ("yellow rain") in Southeast Asia; and destroying what it knew to be a Korean commercial airliner carrying 269 people. Subsequent less-publicized evidence disproved some of those charges and raised serious doubts about the others. Nonetheless, it seems that in the minds of most Americans, the Soviet Union remains guilty of all of them. The result is increased acceptance of cold war policies.

Can anything be done to correct this wicked-witch image of the Soviet Union? People who acknowledge the problem say we need more information to overcome widespread ignorance about complex Soviet realities. Indeed, there is an appalling lack of elementary knowledge about almost everything Soviet, even among educated Americans. A State Department expert thinks, along with President Reagan, that the founding father of the Soviet Union was "Nikolai" Lenin. Too many college students are not certain about which side the Soviet Union fought on in World War II, and most are surprised to learn that talented writers live and publish in that country today.

But knowledge alone will not solve the problem. A growing body of more balanced information about Soviet life has been available since the 1960s. It has had little positive impact on the media or on public opinion. We know a great deal more about the Soviet Union than we do, for example, about China, which receives far more favorable press attention. And no amount of information would prevent a high-level science and technology official in the Reagan Administration, William Schneider Jr., from publishing this judgment: "The Soviet state has contributed practically nothing at all to science, culture, art, industry, agriculture, or to any other field of human endeavor."

Clearly, the problem is also American indifference or resistance to balanced information about the Soviet Union. Other countries frequently receive favorable coverage in the U.S. media because of America's historical sympathy for them or because of domestic lobbying in their behalf. No such pro-Soviet factors are at work in the United States, and anti-Soviet lobbies stand ever ready to explain away facts that might suggest some improvement in the Soviet system. Thus, in the February 1983 *Commentary*, the eminent intellectual Walter Laqueur writes: "There are at present in the Soviet Union relatively few political prisoners. . . . This is not because the Soviet Union is a less-repressive regime, but on the contrary, because it is repressive *and* effective."

The solution, if there is one, requires not simply new information but old-fashioned American common sense and fairness. Common sense would tell us that the Soviet leadership had no motives for some of its alleged crimes. Fairness would not allow us to defame a nation that has suffered and achieved so much. Both have been lacking in our thinking about Soviet realities. The reason must be embedded in our history and needs. As an American historian of U.S. attitudes toward the Soviet Union concluded, "When talking about the U.S.S.R., Americans were really talking about their own nation and themselves."

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CALVIN TRILLIN

I was not among the experts called in to brief the President before his trip to the People's Republic of China. That's all right. No problem. I'm not mad or anything. I just thought I'd mention it. I'm not the kind of person who thinks he's the only one in his specialty who happens to know what he's talking about. The White House has a perfect right to call in whichever experts it wants to call in—even if they turn out to be somebody's brother-in-law or somebody else's accountant's son. It's not a matter of great importance to me. What do I care if the President was so poorly briefed on jet-lag avoidance that he was in danger of nodding off into his moo shu pork? Why should I worry if the President left for China completely unbriefed on the question of Quemoy and Matsu? It's none of my business.

The people who briefed him on jet lag were all wrong. I just thought I'd mention that. It's no concern of mine, of course, but I just thought I'd mention it—as long as the subject happened to come up. I think I have the credentials to make such a judgment—as the author of *The Jet Lagger's Guide to What's Doing in Beverly Hills at Four-Thirty in the Morning* and a tone poem called "Asleep at Lunch in Tacoma—Alas, Oh Woe." I don't suppose the White House people have ever read what I've written on jet lag. Fine. Nobody's forcing them. Maybe they were bedazzled by the credentials of the man they chose as the chief jet-lag briefer, Charles Ehret, a biologist at the Argonne National Laboratory. Maybe they had their people look into my scientific background (Geology 101), and some snoop came up with my grade for the semester. I'm not going to argue about any of that. Just for the record, though, Ehret's all wrong. Also just for the record, there were mitigating circumstances in Geology 101.

I heard about the jet-lag briefing on the radio, but those of us in the field have been familiar with Ehret's theories for some time. Ehret says that by alternating days of feasting and fasting in the week before you leave—and completely abstaining from anything alcoholic—you can adjust your body clock to the new time. What that really amounts to is this: starving and stuffing yourself on alternate days, without even an occasional belt to smooth out the switches, makes you feel so miserable that even flying sixteen hours across eight or ten time zones is an improvement. Saying that you feel better at your destination after following Ehret's regimen is like saying that you feel better as a civilian after a couple of years in the army. How does Ehret's theory explain the experience of a reporter I know who claims to avoid any effect of transcontinental jet lag by a method he describes as "drinking so much on the plane that I don't know what day it is"? How does Ehret explain the fact that even though I left Kansas City for good in 1953 my body clock remains on Central Standard Time? I don't mean to criticize. It's really none of my concern.

I might not have had time to brief the President anyway. I've been very busy. As a citizen, I'm usually happy to pitch in, but I really can't say that I would definitely have been able to find time to brief the President on one of my specialties—jet lag, say, or the Quemoy and Matsu issue. Someone who happens to be a specialist on at least two subjects can't be expected to drop everything, pick up his briefing books and dash off to Washington every time a President decides to go to China. It's of no great importance to me, of course, but I'd be kind of curious to know who they finally got to do the Quemoy and Matsu briefing. As far as I know, I'm the only person who has mentioned Quemoy and Matsu in print in the past ten or twelve years, so it's not as if Quemoy and Matsu specialists are thick on the ground.

Maybe they didn't get anyone. After all, if someone had explained to the President that a major issue in the 1960 Presidential campaign was whether it was worth going to war to prevent China from taking over the offshore islands of Quemoy and Matsu, he might also have had to explain why the prospect of being taken over by China was considered so horrifying. And that would require bringing up a subject the White House aides must have wanted to avoid: China is in the hands of the Communists. If the President had been reminded of that, he wouldn't have made the trip—he doesn't like Communists—and his aides wouldn't have had a crack at the moo shu pork. They would probably claim that telling him about China's being Communist would fall within the category of details they don't like to burden him with, lest he, like Jimmy Carter, become so obsessed with minutiae that he begins arranging the schedule for use of the White House tennis court. In fact, there is no danger at all of this President becoming ensnarled in tennis court scheduling: he can't remember the players' names.

If the President was briefed on Quemoy and Matsu it must have been by a briefer who was willing to concoct some reason other than Communism to explain our concern in 1960. Some people would do that sort of thing, I suppose, just for a chance to do a Presidential briefing. Why should the rest of us specialists criticize such people just because we still have our integrity?

What could have happened from that sort of briefing is obvious. There is the President having dinner in the private quarters of Deng Xiaoping, and Deng brings up the question of Quemoy and Matsu.

"Well, sorry we had to be on the other side on that one back then," the President says. "I know you fellows wanted those islands, but, as you know, Brazil also had a claim, and we really needed that coffee for our steel mills."

Deng gives the President a puzzled look, but the President has fallen asleep into his moo shu pork.

There has been nothing in the press coverage suggesting such an incident, but I wonder if we have really been told everything that happened over there. I'm certainly not saying that it would serve the White House right if the President was embarrassed on account of his briefing. I just thought I'd mention it.

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ARTICLES.

THE UNCOUNTED VIETCONG

How the Military Cooked the Books

WALTER SCHNEIR AND MIRIAM SCHNEIR

Sometime late this summer, in Manhattan's Foley Square courthouse, a Federal judge will rule whether to dismiss the case of *Westmoreland v. CBS* or permit it to go to trial, a decision with profound implications for the future of investigative journalism in the United States. The $120 million libel suit brought by Gen. William Childs Westmoreland, commander of U.S. forces in Vietnam and later Army Chief of Staff, is the first ever filed by a high Federal official for media criticism of his or her public conduct. The result could be a resounding victory for First Amendment rights or a deep chill on probing reportage about the nation's leaders.

If this unprecedented case does come before a jury, it promises to provide the biggest legal sideshow of the decade, with possible witnesses including a succession of top Army brass, Directors of Central Intelligence and such Kennedy-Johnson Administration brain trusters as Robert McNamara, Dean Rusk, Walt Rostow, William Bundy and Maxwell Taylor. Already the pretrial discovery process has yielded a treasure-trove of fascinating material: tens of thousands of pages of depositions and affidavits and a rich hoard of secret government documents—some of which we are making public here for the first time—that will force historians of America's longest and most unpopular war to revise important facts and interpretations.

Who would have thought that a serious television documentary with a low audience rating could set off so many reverberations?

On January 23, 1982, *CBS News* broadcast its ill-fated program, "The Uncounted Enemy: A Vietnam Deception," produced by George Crile. Correspondent Mike Wallace led off:

> The fact is that we Americans were misinformed about the nature and the size of the enemy we were facing, and tonight we're going to present evidence of what we have come to believe was a conscious effort—indeed, a conspiracy at the highest levels of American military intelligence—to suppress and alter critical intelligence on the enemy in the year leading up to the Tet offensive.

The main culprit of the piece was General Westmoreland. He and others were said to have systematically underreported figures on enemy strength in Vietnam in order to promote the illusion that progress was being made in the war and that there was "light at the end of the tunnel." Westmoreland denied the accusation on the program and in a well-publicized press conference several days later.

In some respects the CBS account was a twice-told tale, since a less detailed version had surfaced several years earlier. But this was not one of those sprawling documentaries that rehash stories from the print media and deal in windy generalities. It made charges and offered proof. Eight men who had served as C.I.A. or military intelligence analysts appeared on camera and claimed personal knowledge of the suppression or falsification of enemy strength statistics in Westmoreland's command.

Much of the extensive media coverage that followed, however, concentrated on alleged journalistic misdemeanors committed by the makers of the documentary. Ignored in all the sound and fury about the sacred principles of journalism has been the crucial question, Is the *substance* of the documentary true?

In the nearly 2,000 pages of his pretrial deposition, Westmoreland emerges as a man who, though he believes firmly in his own rectitude, is evasive and has a tin ear for moral overtones. Asked by CBS attorney David Boies whether in his official capacity he had ever been confronted with a moral dilemma, Westmoreland answered: "I am reflecting back over my years of service in three wars. I can't think of any." The general marched smartly into the interlocutory ambushes laid for him by Boies, as this exchange about the C.I.A.'s notorious Phoenix program shows:

> BOIES: Was it a matter of concern to you personally, individually, that charges were being made that this program that had been initiated and expanded under your command or during the time that you were the American military commander in Vietnam, involved the assassination of political cadres?
>
> WESTMORELAND: The purpose of the program was a worthy one, in view of the type of war being fought. If there were any indiscretions involved that was . . . a matter . . . I was not happy with; if such was the case.
>
> . . .
>
> BOIES: Would it surprise you, sir, if I were to tell you that C.I.A. director Colby testified in Congress that more than 10,000 political cadre were killed under the Phoenix program?
>
> WESTMORELAND: I'm unaware of that.
>
> . . .
>
> BOIES: And that would surprise you, would it, sir?
>
> WESTMORELAND: Well, that magnitude does; yes.
>
> . . .
>
> BOIES: . . . that would be more than an "indiscretion" in your mind; would it not, sir? . . .
>
> WESTMORELAND: Well, it would be a serious indiscretion.

But the testimony and documents available in *Westmoreland v. CBS* go far beyond the general's character and opinions. They provide overwhelming backing for the controversial program's main contentions: that for political reasons Westmoreland set an arbitrary ceiling on the number of

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Walter Schneir and Miriam Schneir's most recent book is an expanded edition of Invitation to an Inquest *(Pantheon). They are members of the National Writers Union.*

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enemy forces in South Vietnam reported by his command; that to keep under the ceiling, a cabal of military intelligence officers withheld and falsified data; and that the American people, Congress and President Johnson were thereby fooled, and encouraged to believe we were winning the war.

However, in one important respect the CBS account was incomplete. The newly released documents disclose that key figures in the Johnson Administration participated in the cover-up. General Westmoreland was the initiator, and his intelligence officers manipulated the figures. But the President's advisers, increasingly divorced from reality, were the ones who cynically abetted the Army's suppression of disheartening statistics. If the tormented man in the Oval Office was sometimes kept in the dark, not only Westmoreland but also the White House palace guard were to blame.

A good starting point is a February 1966 document from Westmoreland's files. It shows that a number of those intellectuals whom David Halberstam has dubbed "the best and the brightest" met with the nation's military leaders in Honolulu and jointly drafted a Vietnam war plan. By the end of 1966, according to the plan, Westmoreland's armies were to "attrite" enemy forces "at a rate as high as their capability to put men into the field."

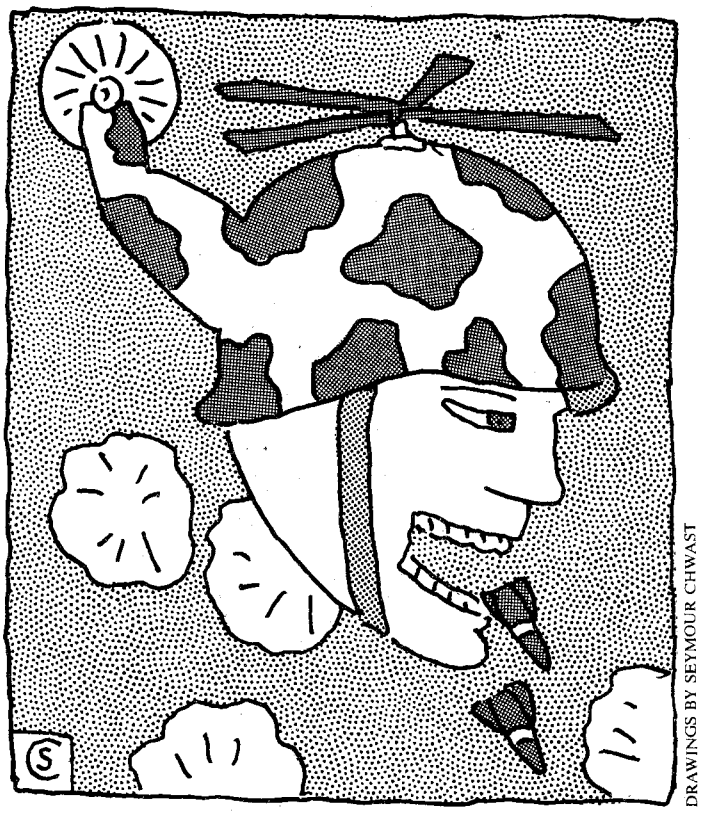
Attrition was the strategy that supposedly would enable the American Goliath inexorably to grind down the foe, but it was a flawed concept. The Vietcong could replenish their losses indefinitely, by recruitment within South Vietnam and by infiltration from the North. In South Vietnam there was a vast pool of sympathetic peasants in the insurgent countryside, where more than 80 percent of the people lived. And given North Vietnam's population of 18 million, its army of 450,000 and its high birth rate, the dispatch of a few tens of thousands of troops to the South each year would never be an impossible burden. The arithmetic was simple, but the military and the best and the brightest were operating in an airy realm beyond logic or rationality, and failed to add up the figures. It was a victory of ideology over common sense.

Proof that attrition was a hopeless strategy came from an unexpected discovery. At Westmoreland's headquarters in Saigon the Military Assistance Command, Vietnam (MACV) produced monthly intelligence estimates of the size of enemy forces in South Vietnam, known as the Order of Battle. The O.B. total included several categories of enemy strength: main force units, guerrilla irregulars, service (quartermaster) troops and political cadre. Washington officials planning the war relied on those figures, and the press cited them frequently; but, in fact, the numbers had little validity. Three of the four O.B. categories consisted of long-outdated statistics inherited from French or South Vietnamese intelligence. Thus in the summer of 1966, when a young C.I.A. analyst, Sam Adams, studied fresh documents captured from the Vietcong, he concluded that the enemy's guerrilla irregulars were far more numerous than the O.B. figure indicated.

That was an important if unwelcome finding, and the C.I.A. immediately notified Secretary of Defense McNamara, Secretary of State Rusk and the White House that "recently acquired documentary evidence now being studied in detail suggests that our holdings on the numerical strength of these irregulars . . . may require drastic upward revision." A few months later, when evidence was firmer, George A. Carver Jr., Special Assistant for Vietnamese Affairs to Director of Central Intelligence Richard Helms, informed Presidential assistant Robert Komer that MACV's "estimates of the strength of Vietcong irregular forces may have drastically understated their growth, possibly by as much as 200,000 persons."

Meanwhile, other captured documents were yielding more bad news for Administration hawks. Adams determined that the official MACV figures for two other categories of Vietcong forces, service troops and political cadre, were also far too low. In January 1967 Carver sent a memorandum to the C.I.A.'s deputy director for intelligence that would have made headlines had it been known to the press and Congress. Carver's dramatic recommendation was that MACV's O.B. total of 277,150 "should be raised, perhaps doubled."

By that time, Sam Adams's discovery had produced anxiety in official circles. Gen. Earle Wheeler, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, summoned an intelligence conference in Honolulu. Adams attended and learned that MACV intelligence officers, who flew in from Saigon, also had been examining captured documents and had reached conclusions similar to his. All agreed that MACV's official enemy force totals had to be increased sharply. But standing in the way were formidable political obstacles. How formidable can be gathered from a March 9, 1967, cable from General Wheeler to General Westmoreland, commenting on some related intelligence data. Wheeler warned: "If these figures should reach the public domain they would, literally, blow



DRAWINGS BY SEYMOUR CHWAST

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the lid off Washington. Please do whatever is necessary to insure that these figures are not repeat not released to news media or otherwise exposed to public knowledge."

On April 15, 1967, Dr. Benjamin Spock and Martin Luther King Jr. linked arms and led a vast sea of hundreds of thousands of peace marchers to the United Nations. In Congress, particularly the Senate, criticism of the Administration's Vietnam policy was rising. To counter the burgeoning opposition, President Johnson ordered Westmoreland home for a series of public appearances. On April 27 the two men discussed strategy at the White House while an aide took notes. Not long before, Westmoreland had received a detailed report from MACV's chief intelligence officer, Maj. Gen. Joseph A. McChristian, predicting that enemy strength would increase considerably throughout 1967, with gains from infiltration and recruitment exceeding losses. Yet Westmoreland gave no hint of that sobering news in his recorded remarks to Johnson, even when the President asked a searching question about the futility of the attrition strategy:

> PRESIDENT: When we add divisions can't the enemy add divisions? If so, where does it all end?
>
> WESTMORELAND: The Vietcong . . . strength in South Vietnam now totals 285,000 men. It appears that last month we reached the crossover point in areas excluding the two northern provinces. Attritions will be greater than additions to the force.

No sooner had Westmoreland returned to Saigon than he faced a crisis. General McChristian recalled in a recent affidavit that in May 1967 he showed Westmoreland a cable to be sent to top military and civilian officials in Washington that reported "far higher" estimates not only for guerrilla forces but also for political cadre: "After reading the cable, Gen. Westmoreland said to me that if he sent it to Washington it would be a 'political bombshell.'" Westmoreland retained the cable and never sent it. That was the beginning of the cover-up.

McChristian's assistant, Col. Gains B. Hawkins, was the Army's leading expert on the Vietcong Order of Battle. Recently he testified that in spring 1967 he "presented General Westmoreland with newly completed MACV analysis indicating far higher enemy strength than was being reported in the official reports." The general "refused to accept the updated figures" and "voiced concern about the political impact." Hawkins admitted he then "arbitrarily reduced these figures," but Westmoreland rejected those also.

Back in the United States, on May 23 the C.I.A. sent Secretary McNamara a pessimistic top-secret analysis on Vietnam. A month earlier Westmoreland had told the President that attrition was succeeding; the C.I.A. informed McNamara that it was failing. The report stated that the strength of the insurgent apparatus in South Vietnam was probably "in the half-million range," and concluded:

> If the Communists have an organized manpower base of anywhere near this size to draw upon for their combat units it is hard to visualize how they can get into serious trouble in the near future in obtaining the necessary replacement personnel.

Also in May representatives of all government intelligence agencies met at C.I.A. headquarters in Langley, Virginia, to frame a report for the President and other top officials that would influence their outlook on the war: the National Intelligence Estimate on "The Capabilities of the Vietnamese Communists for Fighting in South Vietnam." For weeks the discussions were stymied. Both Colonel Hawkins and Gen. George A. Godding, head of the MACV delegation, have since testified that they arrived at the conference with orders to adhere to a fixed ceiling on enemy strength previously approved by Westmoreland. Others have indicated that the ceiling was approximately 300,000. The C.I.A. leadership, on the other hand, was reluctant to accept MACV's figures. There was no benefit to the agency and considerable risk in endorsing palpably false statistics that would be widely disseminated.

To break the impasse, the C.I.A.'s George Carver flew to South Vietnam and met with Robert Komer, whom the President had by then appointed "pacification" chief with ambassadorial rank. Komer, a militant advocate of positive thinking on the war, flaunted his White House credentials by displaying six pictures of Johnson on the walls of his Saigon office and, according to Westmoreland, was regarded by MACV brass as a "political commissar." That Carver approached Komer first suggests that the C.I.A. believed the decision to underestimate the Order of Battle totals was being heavily influenced by the White House palace guard.

After Carver's return, he received a cable from Komer that, in effect, dictated to the C.I.A. what the National Intelligence Estimate should say. Komer insisted that the estimate should not even mention many Vietcong guerrilla forces whom he described as "low grade part-time hamlet self-defense groups, mostly weaponless." In fact, those were the irregulars who used punji stakes, booby traps and mines made from dud U.S. munitions, and were known by the military command at the time to cause about one-third of all American casualties.

The next day Gen. Creighton Abrams, Westmoreland's deputy, cabled General Wheeler, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, urging that the figures for self-defense irregulars be omitted entirely from the National Intelligence Estimate. He warned that if the press was to learn of those figures, "all those who have an incorrect view of the war will be reinforced." Wheeler passed the message on to Director of Central Intelligence Helms.

Meanwhile, continued pressure for what Abrams's cable termed "projecting an image of success" was corrupting the intelligence process and unhinging some of its practitioners. MACV's new intelligence chief, Brig. Gen. Phillip B. Davidson Jr. sent a report to Westmoreland in which he described the enemy as "frenzied," "desperate," "hysterical" and "frantic." "The 'crossover point' has been reached," he claimed.

The arrival of that longed-for point was no doubt assured by a blunt memorandum Davidson had just sent to all his intelligence analysts. The message stated:

> The figure of combat strength and particularly of guerrillas must take a steady and significant downward trend as I am convinced this reflects true enemy status. Due to the sensi-

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tivity of this project, weekly strength figures will hereafter be cleared personally by me.

Predictably, those who received that message were shocked and demoralized. One of them, Lieut. Bruce E. Jones, stated in a recent affidavit that he and his fellow analysts reacted by "questioning why record keeping and analysis . . . should be conducted at all."

In a last effort to arrive at a formula that would permit the inclusion of reasonably accurate figures on Vietcong strength in the National Intelligence Estimate, Helms sent Carver to Saigon as his personal representative on an intelligence team. On September 10, 1967, Carver cabled Helms, describing the situation he had encountered:

> So far, our mission frustratingly unproductive since MACV stonewalling, obviously under orders. . . . Variety of circumstantial indicators—MACV juggling of figures its own analysts presented during August discussions in Washington, MACV behavior, and tacit or oblique lunchtime and corridor admissions by MACV officers, including Davidson—all point to inescapable conclusion that Westmoreland (with Komer's encouragement) has given instructions tantamount to direct order that VC strength total will not exceed 300,000 ceiling. Rationale seems to be that any higher figure would not be sufficiently optimistic and would generate unacceptable level of criticism from the press. . . . I hope to see Komer and Westmoreland tomorrow (11 Sept) and will endeavor to loosen this straitjacket. Unless I can, we are wasting our time.

Helms cabled back, instructing the team not to return to Washington without his approval. It was doubtless his way of saying that Carver *had* to reach an agreement, one way or another. The Director of Central Intelligence had assessed the political situation and had caved in.

The next day Carver reported that Komer was adamantly opposed to any quantification of the irregular forces and had "launched into an hour-plus monologue, reviewing his and Westmoreland's problems with the press, their frustrating inability to convince the press (hence the public) of the great progress being made, and the paramount importance of saying nothing that would detract from the image of progress." Carver also informed Helms that Westmoreland's intelligence chief, General Davidson, had handed him a white card that bore the notation: "No quantification. Optimistic atmosphere in National Intelligence Estimate."

The result of the conference was that the total was held to below 300,000. To accomplish that, two categories of enemy forces, self-defense irregulars and political cadre, were dropped from the O.B. Moreover, Carver conceded that the irregulars would not be quantified anywhere in the report.

General Davidson immediately created a form that went to all analysts. It stated, "This addition of _____ in enemy strength does not increase total enemy strength in excess of that agreed upon at the September 1967 CIA/DIA/MACV Enemy Strength Conference." Four officers had to approve or disapprove any proposed additions to enemy strength figures, with final approval coming from Davidson.

Soon after, MACV sent the C.I.A. a draft of a press

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'WERE THE ROSENBERGS FRAMED?'

This historic debate, which was sponsored by The Nation and The New Republic at New York City's Town Hall last October 20th, has been described as "a political-literary brawl" (Los Angeles Times), at which "a cheering, jeering crowd of 1,500 followed every jab in a fight over history" (The Washington Post).

The main participants in the debate were: Walter Schneir and Miriam Schneir, authors, Invitation to an Inquest; Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton, authors, and Sol Stern, research assistant, The Rosenberg File: A Search for the Truth; and Elizabeth Holtzman, moderator. There were also questions and comments from Michael Meeropol, Morton Sobell, Marshall Perlin, James Weinstein, Victor Navasky and others.

A complete record of this extraordinary event can now be purchased in transcript or cassette. Transcripts are available for $24 each; cassettes are $19 each. There are special discounts on orders of five or more. Send check or money order, payable to The Nation, to: "Rosenbergs," The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011 (a project of The Nation Institute).

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briefing on the new Order of Battle figures. A high-level agency official, Paul V. Walsh, commented in an internal memorandum:

> I have reviewed the draft statement and . . . I must rank it as one of the greatest snow jobs since Potemkin constructed his village. . . . This briefing and similar fictions that MACV proposes to present in the near future present a series of vulnerable intelligence judgments that cannot be substantiated at this time and promise almost certainly to lead to even graver credibility problems. . . . The truly impossible aspect of the MACV briefing is its unbelievably cavalier and shocking consignment of the thousands of militia and self-defense forces into the realm of fellow-travelers or sympathizers.

The draft of MACV's press briefing had also been sent to the White House for final approval. There it was reviewed by President Johnson's national security adviser, Walt Rostow, a true believer in victory in Vietnam and a devoted collector of hopeful statistics and anecdotes to raise the flagging spirits of his President. On October 28, 1967, Rostow received an "eyes only" cable about the MACV draft from U.S. Ambassador to Vietnam Ellsworth Bunker.

"One aspect of it still bothers General Westmoreland, Bob Komer and myself given the overriding need to demonstrate our progress in grinding down the enemy," Bunker confided. The bothersome "aspect" was the self-defense guerrillas; Bunker urged Rostow to expunge from the briefing all mention of those forces, which were estimated to number at least 120,000. The purpose, Bunker stated, was to "forestall many confusing and undesirable questions."

By the fall of 1967 the Administration had set in motion a public relations campaign to sell the unpopular and unphotogenic Vietnam War to the press and the people. A "psychological strategy committee" set up by Rostow met almost weekly in the White House Situation Room. Its theme was progress. George Allen, the C.I.A.'s occasional representative on the committee, recalled in a recent affidavit that his "loyalty to the team" was sometimes questioned if he objected to a prospective publicity ploy as "a distortion of reality." One day Rostow asked Allen for a report demonstrating progress in the pacification program. When Allen replied that he could provide a study but could not guarantee that it would show progress, Rostow, according to Allen, "expressed shock at my 'unwillingness to support your President.' I protested that . . . I would not 'be a party to cooking the books.'"

Probably the single most successful gambit of this campaign was a domestic public relations tour by General Westmoreland. Summoned back to the United States in November 1967 by his hard-pressed Commander in Chief, Westmoreland appeared on television, addressed the National Press Club, briefed the Senate and House Armed Services Committees and met with the President and other government officials. On all those occasions, he informed General Abrams afterward, "I presented . . . the following concept: We are grinding down the Communist enemy in South Vietnam, and there is evidence that manpower problems are emerging in North Vietnam."

A sampling of headlines from across the country shows how effectively Westmoreland conveyed his upbeat message:

> Westmoreland's Report to Senate Group Optimistic (*Minneapolis Tribune*, November 17)
>
> Gen. Westmoreland: "The Enemy Is Running Out of Men" (*Washington Daily News*, November 18)
>
> Westmoreland Declares Allies Are Winning War of Attrition (*The New York Times*, November 20)
>
> Victory Within Grasp, Westmoreland Says in Outlining Plan for War (*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, November 21)
>
> Westmoreland Says Ranks of Vietcong Thin Steadily (*The New York Times*, November 22)

Meanwhile, MACV carefully orchestrated the release of the Order of Battle figures so that Westmoreland could make optimum propaganda use of them during his visit. On November 11, military officials in Saigon informed the press, according to *The New York Times*, that the "fighting efficiency" of the Vietcong had "progressively declined" in the previous six months and that enemy strength had dropped from 285,000 to 242,000.

Of course, the total of 242,000 did not really represent a decline. Yet about ten days later, Westmoreland held a press conference at the Pentagon—scene of a massive protest against the war just a month earlier—at which he compared the new O.B. total with the old as proof that the enemy was weakening.

President Johnson also was victimized by this numbers game. A remarkable recently discovered memorandum signed by Rostow describes several charts prepared by MACV which Westmoreland used to brief the President. One chart showed Vietcong strength declining from 285,000 to 242,000. A footnote explained that the total did not include a political infrastructure of about 80,000. The Rostow memorandum contains no hint that the President was informed that thousands of irregular forces had simply been marched out of the estimate.

Finally, on November 24, when the news was stale, a spokesman for MACV conducted a detailed press briefing in Saigon, instructing journalists that the new O.B. figures "cannot be used in conjunction with old data for any firm comparisons of past and present enemy strengths." A few periodicals picked up on the fact that intelligence estimates of Vietcong strength had actually increased, but most did not.

In Saigon that fall, calculations relating to the infiltration of North Vietnamese troops into the South may also have been falsified. The CBS documentary charged that in the last few months of 1967 MACV intelligence analysts detected a "near invasion" of enemy forces moving down the Ho Chi Minh trail, but those forces never found their way into official MACV records. Since the airing of the program, six former MACV analysts have confirmed that under oath; several of the men testified that their estimates of greatly increased enemy infiltration were systematically rejected by the MACV command and replaced with lower figures.

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Official Order of Battle summaries emanating from MACV each month continued to indicate that the Vietcong forces were declining. From 242,000, the total given to the President and the press in November 1967, the O.B. figures decreased to 225,000 by the end of January. Thus on January 31, 1968, Americans were stunned when the supposedly dwindling Vietcong forces struck with vigor in more than 100 towns and cities throughout South Vietnam. Simultaneously, the guerrillas brought much of the countryside under their control.

Less than a month after the start of the Tet offensive, Westmoreland announced that the enemy had "committed" about 84,000 troops to the battle and that some 45,000 of those had been killed in action. To this day Westmoreland and his supporters endorse those statistics, and they are used in many historical accounts of Tet. But George Allen, then the C.I.A.'s senior expert on Vietnam, has now revealed that 84,000 was an arbitrary figure that was doubted by some in the intelligence community at the time. His best judgment, he says, would be that the number of Vietcong forces used in the offensive exceeded 400,000.

Many intelligence reports on Tet show that the self-defense guerrillas who had been so neatly excised from Vietcong strength estimates participated in the attacks in the cities and the countryside. When they became casualties, MACV resorted to Alice in Wonderland logic: those who had not been counted when alive were subtracted from the Order of Battle when dead.

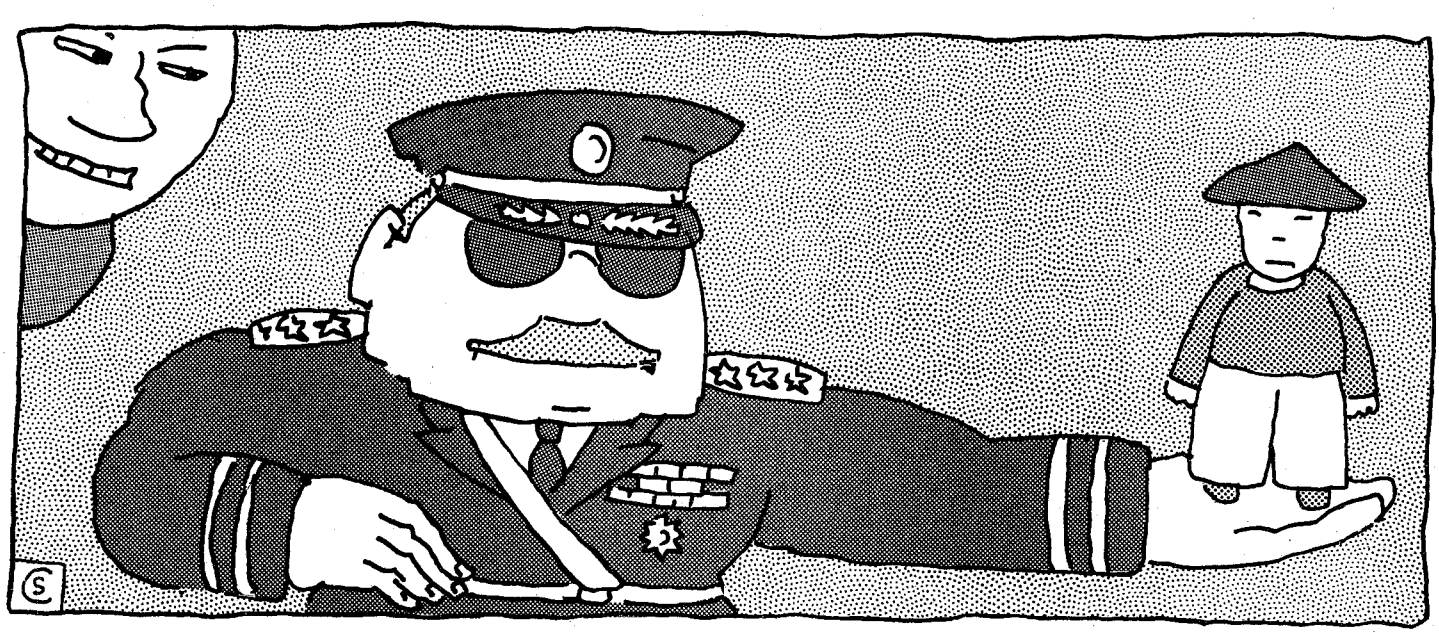
In Saigon, Commander James Meacham, a Naval officer assigned to MACV intelligence as chief of O.B. studies, wrote home to his wife:

> March 2, 1968: Tomorrow will be a sort of day of truth. We shall then see if I can make the computer sort out the losses since the Tet offensive began in such a manner as to prove that we are winning the war. If I can't, we shall of course jack the figures around until we *do* show progress. Every month we make progress here. . . . The MACV bunch is definitely on the defensive (mentally as well as militarily).
>
> March 13: You should have seen the antics my people and I had to go through . . . to make the February enemy strength calculations come out the way the general wanted them to. We started with the answer and plugged in all sorts of figures until we found a combination the machine could digest, and then we wrote all sorts of estimates showing why the figures were right which we had to use. And we continue to win the war.
>
> March 21: We had a crash project to prepare a briefing for the press on enemy strength as of 29 Feb—complete with viewgraphs. . . . I have never in my life assembled such a pack of truly gargantuan falsehoods. The reporters will think we are putting on a horse and dog show when we try to sell them this crap.

When the February figures Meacham and his co-workers labored over became public, they did indeed inspire incredulity. On March 15, a colleague from the Defense Intelligence Agency called George Allen at the C.I.A. to discuss the 204,000 O.B. total just released by MACV. "We think MACV figures are phony," the Defense Intelligence man stated, according to notes of the conversation made at the time. Allen responded that based on his recent trip to Saigon, "MACV was living in the clouds, 'blind' to realities." The C.I.A. moved quickly to protect its image and leaked an estimate to the press that was nearly three times that issued in Saigon.

In April 1968 another Order of Battle conference was convened; this time the C.I.A. prevailed. After delivering a lengthy dissent to Helms that upheld the discredited 1967 figures, the MACV representative returned to Saigon. Westmoreland notified Wheeler that the C.I.A. was about to report an Order of Battle in the 600,000 range, which would include the political infrastructure at "about twice the previously agreed figures" and would quantify irregulars. "There is a much larger issue involved here than intelligence methodology," Westmoreland commented. "The acceptance of this inflated strength . . . is contrary to our national interest. The effect that its inevitable public announcement would have on the American public . . . is obvious."

Commander Meacham wrote a letter to his wife on May 11.



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Fighting near Saigon was heavy at that time, and Meacham reported:

> The war goes on in Saigon. The official releases make light of it, but we have large number of *main force* troops in the outskirts of the city delivering heavy attacks. . . . they have truly struck some heavy blows—much, much worse than the sabotage and terror incidents of the last of January. And the Paris talks are just beginning. . . . The Third field Hospital is right by CICV [Combined Intelligence Center Vietnam] and they are bringing the casualties in there in almost a steady stream, by chopper and ambulance. Legs and arms torn off and such—only the seriously wounded get this far.

By the end of June, Meacham's tour was drawing to a close. A group of investigators from Washington was visiting the intelligence center where he worked, and he was re-examining his own experiences there:

> June 23: More and more the Washington bunch is beginning to dig into this strength business, and they are beginning to smell a rat, I think. Someday it may come out how we have lied about these figures.
>
> June 24: They know we are falsifying the figures, but can't figure out which ones and how.
>
> July 1: I had a talk with the CICV director today and let him know the truth about the doctoring of the strength figures. Now my conscience is clear.

Meacham's last letter before leaving Saigon conveys a sense of futility. "We own the base camps and the big cities and a few areas . . . [that] are staunchly pro-government," he observed. But "they" owned the country.

This month CBS attorneys in the Westmoreland case will submit the voluminous pretrial material to the court in support of a motion for summary judgment, a request that Federal Judge Pierre Leval dismiss Westmoreland's complaint without further ado. Westmoreland's chief counsel, Dan Burt of Washington, D.C., will file answering papers soon after. CBS will then have an opportunity to reply before the court settles in to study the mountain of documents.

Whether or not a trial is held, the Vietnam War documents and depositions now available provide us with an instructive record—a parable for the present era, as U.S. involvement in guerrilla warfare in Central America threatens to become another Administration's nightmarish obsession. □

FOOTNOTE ON AN HISTORIC CASE: IN RE ALGER HISS

This just-published booklet by author William A. Reuben identifies 114 factual errors in the Federal District Court of New York's 1982 decision upholding Hiss's conviction for perjury in 1950. This flawed decision, upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court in 1983, stands as the last legal word on one of the most celebrated cases in modern history. 1 copy $5, 10 copies $40, 50 copies $150, 100 copies $250. Make checks payable to The Nation Institute and send to "Hiss," The Nation Institute, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

Elections

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

Some cling to the belief that an array of opposition candidates, the most formidable of which belong to Unido, are challenging Marcos's ruling New Society Movement (K.B.L.) in the elections. The truth is that many of the so-called oppositionists are Marcos supporters in disguise. The K.B.L. is fielding a full slate of 183 candidates, but other Marcos candidates are running under the banner of splinter, regional and/or "independent" political parties. "No one knows how many Marcos candidates are actually running," says Padilla.

For Filipinos the pressing question is whether to participate in the elections or to boycott them, to accept the rules of the game as dictated by Marcos—in effect, legitimizing the regime—or to reject them entirely. According to the Constitution registering and voting in elections is compulsory. Boycotting is therefore a form of civil disobedience. It involves risks: stiff fines, jail sentences, loss of the right to hold public office. "But we want people to have a way of expressing their rejection of the regime that would clearly show their refusal to be further involved in its charades," says Padilla. He sees the boycott as only the first step in an intensifying civil disobedience movement which could include a general strike.

Certain sectors of the opposition, notably business leaders and Unido members, have demanded "clean elections," but the May 14 balloting will in no way fit that description. Despite Marcos's grudging agreement in January to reform election procedures—drawing up a new voters' list and appointing new members to the Commission on Elections—he has made a concerted effort to subvert those reforms in the past few months. A report on the elections published by the Filipino People's Committee in the Netherlands says that during voter registration days in March and April, "flying" registrants appeared in droves, using different names and addresses and registering as often as fifteen times. They were paid from 5 pesos to 20 pesos each time they registered. "Despite this," Padilla points out, "the number of registrants was low enough to prevent the Commission on Elections from releasing the figures immediately. According to unofficial reports, only 9 million of the 29 million voters in the electorate registered. Twenty million names are rather difficult to come by; hence the delay in the announcement of the number of registrants."

The low registration shows that most Filipinos simply don't want the elections to proceed. Last August, outraged by the assassination of Aquino, the people reacted with one demand: Marcos Resign! Media reports from the Philippines reveal that from September to February, 279 mass protests took place, including a ninety-mile, six-day "Tarlac to Tarmac" run which saw 500,000 demonstrators

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converging along the highway to the Manila airport. It has become obvious to Filipinos that the first and immediate step toward democracy is the removal of Marcos and the dismantling of his regime.

In January more than 85 percent of the 2,435 delegates to the Congress of Filipino Citizens—initiated by the August Twenty-One Movement and the Alliance of Metropolitan Organizations presided over by Agapito (Butz) Aquino, brother of the slain Senator—cast their votes for either a conditional or an unconditional boycott of the elections. Those who favored the former approach made six demands of the regime, including electoral reforms, repeal of the President's legislative powers and a general amnesty for all political prisoners. If their demands were not met, they would boycott. So far, Marcos has met none of them.

The January 27 plebiscite on the question of whether to restore the vice presidency attracted only 37 percent of the electorate—a clear indication of skepticism toward the regime's attempts at "procedural democracy."

Those who advocate participation in the elections (most of them businessmen and traditional politicians like Laurel and former Senator Eva Estrada Kalaw) call them a "last chance for democracy." Their propaganda is simplistic: "The Communists are for a boycott; if you are for a boycott, you are a Communist." According to Padilla, that propaganda is not taking.

"Everyone knows participation won't mean anything," he says. Those who are participating, he explains, see the National Assembly elections as an opportunity to build their political parties and machinery, with an eye on the 1987 presidential election. "What would professional politicians do without elections?" asks Padilla. "Nothing."

Marcos desperately needs the elections not only to stabilize and legitimize his extremely discredited regime at home but also to restore his credibility with the International Monetary Fund. Twice in the last nine months the Philippines has requested a ninety-day moratorium on principal payments on its $25 billion foreign debt. With an unchallenged mandate from the people, the Marcos regime could provide I.M.F. policy-makers with justification for extending more loans to the Philippines. It could also be emboldened to crush the opposition and subject the people to I.M.F.-decreed austerity measures, including further currency devaluation, increased taxes, wage cuts and cutbacks in social services.

The Reagan Administration, taking its cue from the I.M.F., would then push through its five-year, $900 million aid package, disguised as rent for military bases. It would thus effectively increase annual aid from $100 million under President Carter to $185 million.

Since 1946, rigged elections have substituted for democracy in the Philippines. The Central Intelligence Agency's Manila station manipulated the conduct and results of the 1953, 1957 and 1961 presidential elections, as well as of local elections in between. When that manipulation became impossible, martial law was instituted. Now that Marcos's one-man rule is unraveling, rigged elections have been resurrected. But the present "last chance for democracy" is a joke, and most Filipinos know it: of the 300,000 who were paid 20 pesos to 50 pesos to attend the K.B.L.'s first rally, 250,000 fled when it came time for Marcos to speak.

May 14 is not Election Day in the Philippines; it is carnival time. □

HOUNDING PHILIPPINE EXILES

Marcos's Secret War in America

FRED POOLE AND MAX VANZI

To Filipinos living in exile in the United States, the National Assembly elections taking place in their country on May 14 seem far away indeed. Since President Ferdinand Marcos seized power and declared martial law in 1972, the number of Filipinos in America has increased to 1.5 million. Some came by choice; many others—Marcos's political opponents in particular—were forced to flee.

They left a country that is sinking into anarchy. The rate of violent crime is soaring, the foreign debt has passed the danger point, workplaces are closing, international commerce is grinding to a standstill. The number of political prisoners and torture victims since 1972 has topped 70,000. The number of deaths resulting from guerrilla warfare around the country has mounted to six figures. And since President Reagan started signaling increased American support for Marcos and his powerful, parvenu First Lady, Imelda, new atrocities have emerged: murders in front of witnesses in order to scare off opposition; villagewide massacres; and what Filipinos call "salvagings," the equivalent of Latin American "disappearances."

Compared with the rampant violence in the Philippines, Marcos's campaign of terror against his exiled opponents has gone largely unnoticed. That campaign, in which Marcos's overseas agents have been assisted by the Central Intelligence Agency and the Justice Department, is at least eleven years old, according to recently discovered "top secret sensitive" documents from the Senate Committee on Governmental Affairs.

"The C.I.A. became aware in October 1973 that the Philippine government had become increasingly concerned that President Marcos's enemies in the U.S. might be developing, or had already, an influence that would adversely affect the Philippine government," the committee's counsel, Mike Glennon, wrote in a classified 1979 report. The report said that since 1973, Gen. Fabian Ver, Marcos's longtime

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bodyguard (now his chief of staff and intelligence) had been sending military intelligence officers to the United States "for the purpose of infiltrating, monitoring and possibly counteracting the threat of anti-Marcos groups." In the 1970s the C.I.A. successfully stopped Federal probes into the activities of those agents, fearing there would be retaliation against its own men in Manila, according to Glennon.

Since the first documented entry of Marcos-Ver agents to the United States, all the Philippine President's exiled opponents of any stature have been hounded by General Ver's men. With the election of Ronald Reagan, however, Marcos received the U.S. government's blessing to step up the harassment. Reagan met with Imelda Marcos in New York City shortly before his inauguration and, according to stories featured in the controlled Manila press, promised to go after the exiles. He reiterated that promise in a letter personally delivered by Secretary of State Alexander Haig in June 1981 and made public soon after. George Bush appeared in Manila later that month to congratulate Marcos on winning 88 percent of the vote in a presidential election and to tell the dictator that members of the Reagan Administration "love your adherence to democratic principles and to the democratic process."

After Reagan took office the Federal Bureau of Investigation visited all moderate Philippine opposition leaders living in the United States. Prominent exiles, including Benigno Aquino, were left in limbo without travel papers. Although Filipinos already in America were not expelled, others seeking political asylum were turned away. Then the Administration came up with an extradition treaty, initialed in Washington and Manila but never approved by the U.S. Senate, that would transfer responsibility for deciding what was criminal and what was political in Philippine extradition cases from the judiciary to the State Department. Although the treaty draft does not specifically say so, Marcos stated that under its terms Filipinos living in America could be extradited for any "political crimes."

Such Reagan Administration actions sent the exiles a clear message: they were in greater trouble than ever. Just six months after Reagan took office, the intimidation of leftist exiles reached a high point with the Seattle murders of two 30-year-old labor leaders, Gene Viernes and Silme Domingo. Both had ties to the National Democratic Front, the opposition apparatus which unites the underground in the cities and works with the New People's Army guerrillas in the countryside throughout the islands. Viernes and Domingo were shot with a gun owned by Tony Baruso, head of an old-guard faction of the predominantly Philippine cannery workers union in Seattle, who had been a guest at the Marcoses' lavish, Spanish colonial Malacañang Palace in Manila not long before the killings. Baruso, convicted late last year of embezzlement in a separate case involving the same union local, was never indicted for the murders. In September 1982, supporters of Viernes and Domingo brought a civil suit in Federal District Court in Seattle against various U.S. law enforcement and intelligence agencies, including the F.B.I. and C.I.A., and against Alexander Haig, George Shultz, F.B.I. Director William Webster and Marcos himself, charging that they protected Baruso. The suit contains allegations so convincing that *New York Times* columnist Tom Wicker, like others who have studied them, concluded, "These charges seem serious enough for Congress to look into." Congress has not.

It is not leftists but more moderate exiles like Aquino who have always been Marcos's prime targets in the United States, possibly because he fears they might one day get the American support he enjoys. As a scare tactic Marcos has tortured and murdered exiles' family members who remain in the Philippines. Early in the martial law period one of the most active exile moderates, Heherson (Sonny) Alvarez, got word from his province that his younger brother had been sadistically beaten and then killed by members of a special national police intelligence unit. "I see it as a method of cowing the opposition," says Alvarez. "By killing in a very diabolical way and making big propaganda out of it, you're able to silence many more."

The moderate exiles have responded to such actions against them by funding the overseas training of urban guerrillas, quite distinct from the Communists' vast rural army. In 1980 those guerrillas claimed responsibility for about fifty bombings—and one death—in Manila.

One of the moderate operatives who got caught was Doris Baffrey, former wife of a Peace Corps volunteer. In New York she worked for the Philippine Ministry of Tourism. In Manila, in the autumn of 1980, she set off a bomb in Imelda Marcos's grandiose marble and hardwood International Convention Center during ceremonies at the American Society of Travel Agents' annual gathering, which President Marcos was attending. No one was killed, but travel agents stampeded to the airport, and ever since, there has been practically no organized tourism to the country except for sex tours which enlist male and female prostitutes, including young children.

Baffrey was nabbed red-handed—a prime catch for the government, which felt her U.S. connections with once-popular politicians of democratic days would make her a useful informer. Interrogators, some of them F.B.I. agents attached to the U.S. Embassy, kept at her for weeks, one moment hurling vulgar insults at her, the next holding out hope she could soon see her infant son in America if she turned informer.

After a few months it became clear she would say nothing. She was quietly convicted and given a six-month sentence. In January 1983 we found that she was still being held in Manila's Camp Crame as a "special detainee," where as far as anyone can ascertain she remains.

She told a Philippine reporter who had been granted permission to see her early last year that the F.B.I. visits had continued into the summer of 1982. Her main interrogator was John Grant, operating out of the legal attaché's office in the U.S. Embassy. Baffrey said he told her the Americans would "set me up" in the United States, "give me a new identity and make me look like Gina Lollabrigida."

"I said, 'No thank you; I like my face and body,'" she

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continued. "There was a time when [Grant] put a yellow legal pad in front of me and told me, 'Name your price.' I told him, 'What are the combined budgets of the F.B.I. and C.I.A.?' He said to me, 'You dumb shit!'"

In the United States the man who has come under the heaviest pressure is a tall, bearded, Greek-born American citizen named Steve Psinakis, who for more than a decade had been an engineer and executive in Manila's electric company. Related by marriage to a powerful Philippine political clan, the Lopezes, whom Marcos had set out to crush, Psinakis (along with Alex Esclamado, publisher of the San Francisco-based *Philippine News*) has led the way in exposing Marcos's human rights abuses.

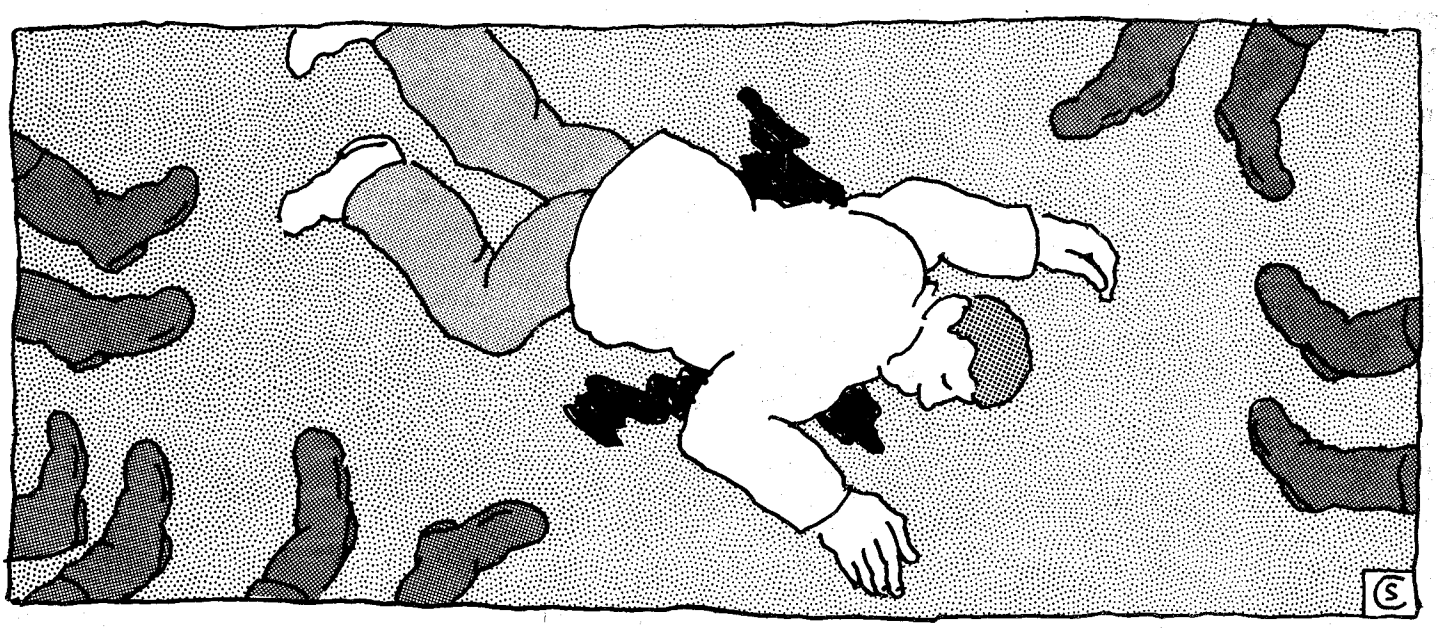
In the early 1970s Psinakis's brother-in-law, former Manila newspaper publisher Eugenio (Geny) Lopez Jr., was held prisoner by Marcos while the dictator forced the family to sign their holdings over to his and Imelda's business associates. Psinakis staged a Hollywood-style intercontinental escape caper which brought Geny and another prominent political detainee safely to California. Psinakis also exposed Marcos's attempts to bribe Primitivo Mijares, onetime Philippine chief censor who defected and testified before a Congressional committee about torture and killing under Marcos. Psinakis later brought to light the mysterious disappearance in 1977 of Mijares and the murder, well publicized by the Manila regime, of Mijares's 15-year-old son, whose mutilated body turned up not long after in a Manila funeral parlor.

In a lengthy early-morning raid in December 1981, F.B.I. agents, accompanied by San Francisco police and sheriff's deputies, ransacked the Psinakis home, even firing a shot when Psinakis let his dogs out of the kitchen, where he and his wife were being held. The agents said they were searching for bomb parts, which they did not find. They left with stacks of documents that concerned the resistance movement against Marcos. According to Psinakis and a *San Francisco Chronicle* reporter who verified the story, copies of the documents turned up within two weeks on General Ver's desk in Manila. As a direct result, Psinakis says, "A week later I learned that more than twenty people had been arrested in Manila for 'interrogation.' Most of them were tortured and two disappeared and were presumed 'salvaged.'"

The fact that members of the American Philippine community continue to be harassed by Ver's agents is confirmed by an internal U.S. Defense Intelligence Agency publication which surfaced in 1983. It named a number of high-level Philippine intelligence officials who recently had been sent by Ver as attachés to the Philippine Embassy in Washington and to consulates across America. They had been handpicked by Ambassador to the United States Benjamin Romauldez, Imelda Marcos's brother. The classified D.I.A. document says, without comment, "The attachés will undoubtedly report on, and possibly operate against, anti-Marcos Philippine activists in the U.S."

All opposition leaders constantly receive telephone threats, as we did when our work on the Philippines became known. For people like Psinakis and Esclamado, as well as for those who are much more radical, to live in America means constantly being stopped by cars full of goons, usually Caucasians, who sometimes point guns and warn them to cease attacking the Marcos regime. Some exiles have complained to the Justice Department about well-documented assassination plots against them, but they have been ignored.

By sending top Cabinet officials to Manila and then welcoming the formerly unwelcome Marcoses to America, Reagan has encouraged the dictator to raise the level of state terror in both the Philippines and the United States. Although in the months after the Aquino murder there were few words from Washington in support of the Marcoses, White House officials are going out of their way to say they can do nothing to hold back the sovereign Philippine dictator's excesses. Meanwhile Filipinos almost universally believe that the government in Washington assures the power of the Philippine rulers, now living almost under siege in their palace 10,000 miles away. □



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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Prizewinning Poets—1984

*The winners of "Discovery"—*The Nation, *'84" are Mark Irwin, Mitchell LesCarbeau, Richard Lyons and Susan Prospere. They will read their poems on Monday, May 14, at 8 P.M., at The Poetry Center, 92nd Street YM-YWHA in New York City. The contest was judged by Yehuda Amichai, Jorie Graham and Daniel Halpern. Now in its tenth year, the competition combines The Poetry Center's "Discovery" contest and* The Nation*'s poetry prize. It is open to poets who have not published in book form.*

—Grace Schulman, Poetry Editor

THE CREATION OF MAN: THE SISTINE CHAPEL

And then I remember being drawn toward him
as my mind snapped alive
like light cast back from water

And my face, flushed, lifted
like a flower petal's muscle

But my arm and wrist remained limp
like a stem without water

As my eyes teared in the choiring wind
that became his white, streaming
hair and beard

That framed the fierce gaze
that directed the finger
that said rise

rise from the mud in my likeness.

And I half-rose toward him
out of the earth's languor
because of this
and what lay half-hidden, peering
over his far shoulder.

Oh she looked at me afraid
but with desire—
like I at him.
I knew this was woman

And in my dream looked further
toward the joy blue green future
where there was a garden

Whose gate
slammed shut forever

And my face
nodded down
like a rose beyond summer, autumn
and a long, long winter

Until I felt my flesh smear
like mud anew
as the pastels, their
pigments in plaster set in

And with my tatooed eyes saw
another face
not looking down
but upwards—tired, paint-streaked and mortal.

And I loved this man strapped to the scaffold,
loved him as though he were my father.

Mark Irwin

BURNING STARS

Stick by stick, brickface
and foundation,
I've built this house, tacking down its hair.
And some nights, like this night, across the sky
a shooting star burns out
as we sit and watch it and want to know things.
Nothing conspiratorial tends toward us
except the other stars
over Liquid Carbonic
the idle star, the strange star, the lowly star
all stick close
so far from us wind draws off their sticky
galactic scent, the hyacinth, the pitch.

Tonight out on the lawn
a carnival dragon filled with friends
shuffles its sequined spine of stars
and half-moons past storefronts
and alleys, each of us breathing the mothball
fire of its fabric and shouting louder
than the next, buffeting indignities
that can't change, that we are,
as meaningless chatter about work
allows the only real work
of memory, forgetting, to swell like a rain squall
any evil personal enough to touch our lives
gathering again on the lawn
to say goodbye, the evening's over
when it's just begun, headlights curving
through pepper tree and rhododendron.

Because I don't go away
I go upstairs
and place my hands like pink starfish on the window
and lower my head as if a slew of stars
were released in holding back
when the hungry star staggers in, intimate
as it expands my insides
where I don't live.
Will I be frightened enough to welcome it,
saying this pane of glass
is yours, you throb of light,
empty as the hullabaloo of stars is empty
even as I stand in it,
letting each of the sky's prima donnas
touch me with its invisible camera.
As cruel and as generous
as the dust it burns with
let us drift separately.
I raise my voice, a call deserted of voice,
I am desperate.

Richard Lyons

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STARGAZING

1
How the visiting schoolchildren must have
trembled in their adolescence
when Hilda Doolittle led them into the peerless room
of the Flower Observatory near Philadelphia
to gaze through the telescope
at the flat plain of stars.
They knew then that angels were frail
and pedestrian,
and carrying this revelation home,
opened *The Book of Knowledge*
to the "Things to Make and Things to Do" section
and constructed telescopes in their backyards.

2
In New Orleans a street peddler sold
glances through his telescope
outside Café du Monde, and in the swank hours,
people in evening clothes would fish
for dimes in their pockets
to look up at the moon caught in the sky
like café au lait inside a cup,
and when I looked, I saw,
for so little money,
that no one would ask me
to dance the two-step
under the artificial stars of the Blue Room.

3
My father taught me that the universe could move
in the ell of the dining room.
Turning an orange between his thumb and forefinger
before a light bulb, he made night fall
on the far side of the orange
where people slept in rice paper houses
after the Winding River banquets.
The shadows of the planets bobbed
on the walls of our house.
He was in charge of the Heavenly Bodies,
coming up the walk in midsummer to focus the sun
with a magnifying glass on a matchbook
until it flared through the centers of our lives.

Not much in my life has gone the way I wanted,
and I believe that we go a long time
under the earth without seeing.
My father's cataracts float
in formalin in the medicine cabinet,
though he can name the states in geographical order,
and the constellations,
by picturing them in the darkness of his head.
He tells us that when he dies,
he will come in his pick-up to drive us
to Emerald Mound
where the Big Dipper hangs over the oaks
and resurrection fern
like the tin cup we drank from at the cistern
the summer my mother lost her diamond
in the garden in a row of Kentucky Wonders.

Susan Prospere

FAUNA IN THE MIRROR

The river twists rising
you mistake for flaws—
hairline stains in old silver
or motes along the startled eyeball—
until for an instant one morning
your face shows a fish,
its mouth yawning and clamping
in time with your astonishment
and it is gone,
tail thrash and bubbles
frozen as in ice.
Or later,
you wake to seawater
trickling down a table leg
from this sweating glass
flecked with weed shreds.
Green and wavering
your face shows from its film
and minnows glint and thread
before they fade
and your face resumes
in the dry mirror's face.
You tell no one
but watch your lover
this morning shadow her eyes
in its thin light
and shake her hair
into its obedience.
When she leaves, her pale form
lingers in defiance
or in love, lips puckered
in a string of O's
from the deep.
Touch the mirror:
in mercury your fingers dip
and you hear breakers hiss
on piles of shell,
rising gulls' clatter
and smack of flukes
as a mouth tongues your arm
through the prickle and wrench.
In the shimmer
bubbles rise like moons
as small as seeds
and you ease yourself in,
assured finally of their source
and wanting never to return
to that place
where faces must dissolve
that shine such beauty.

Mitchell LesCarbeau

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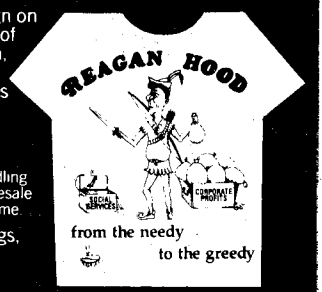

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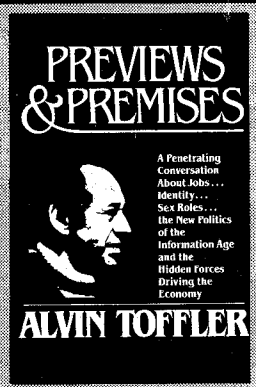
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Kundera à la Mode

EDMUND WHITE

Paris

Milan Kundera's *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* (Harper & Row, 314 pp., $15.95) has been number one on the French best seller list for two months and will no doubt continue to dominate sales as well as discussion here for some time. Clearly this masterful novel is quite different from most best sellers in America, where the list is usually monopolized by self-help books, cat books and books that roguishly lament the housewife's woes. Its popularity reflects the French passion for serious literature, even if this passion is as usual mixed with a bit of trendiness and chauvinism. A difficult experimental book such as Nathalie Sarraute's *Childhood* sold extremely well this winter as did Cocteau's previously unpublished journals from the early 1950s, Sartre's letters to Simone de Beauvoir and Raymond Aron's memoirs.

If the French know how to appreciate a challenging book, they also appreciate the fact that in Kundera they have at last a major novelist they can almost call their own. Kundera has lived in France ten years now, his fiction was praised early on by the revered Louis Aragon, he speaks French fluently, he teaches in Paris (where this year he offered a course on Gombrowicz's *Ferdydurke*) and he has written for the French stage an adaptation of Diderot's *Jacques the Fatalist* (Kundera's lucid, philosophical style has often been compared to Diderot's). In 1981 Mitterrand made Kundera a French citizen at the same time that he conferred citizenship on the Argentine writer Julio Cortázar (thereby balancing one refugee from a Communist regime with one from a right-wing regime). Finally, although Kundera continues to write fiction in Czech, he now composes his powerful political and literary essays in French.

The French reviews that greeted the publication of *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* were unusually prompt, numerous, long, conspicuous and favorable, even rapturous. The distinguished Claude Roy wrote eight columns in *Le Nouvel Observateur*: "An immense book in which the substance of a life and the spectacle of a century conspire over the future of mankind." *Le Monde* devoted two pages to the event. In *L'Express* the prizewinning novelist Dominique Fernandez concluded that Kundera has proved definitively that the novel is not dead.

Still better, Kundera made an impressive appearance on *Apostrophes*, the Friday night prime-time literary talk show that is France's most popular television program. Virtually any book mentioned on *Apostrophes* is guaranteed a sale of 25,000 copies. Kundera was made the star of the program and teamed up with ardent fans: the fatherly and well-known critic of *La Quinzaine Littéraire*, Maurice Nadeau, and the writer Simon Leys, celebrated for *Chinese Shadows*, an exposé of the excesses of the Cultural Revolution. Leys was there to present his new book on George Orwell, but he became nearly speechless in his admiration of Kundera and was quick to acknowledge that Kundera's accomplishment dwarfs Orwell's. Anyone who had watched the program with no other literary guidelines at his disposal would have come away from it convinced that Kundera is also Kafka's equal and the leading author of our day.

I have no desire to dispute this evaluation, which may turn out to be true. Kundera certainly is as clear and persistent and as convincing as Tolstoy in his exposition of ideas—and far less crazy. Few contemporary writers have succeeded as Kundera has in combining a cool, elegant, formal objectivity with warm, intimate (almost embarrassingly intimate) pictures of the imperfect realities of adult love. Kundera's heroes may be Don Juans, but they are shy, apologetic ones; his women are intensely physical beings, but they are also as quirkily intelligent and stubbornly independent as his men. One of the wisest moments in *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* comes early on, just after we've seen Tereza's tiresome "jealousy" from the point of view of her lover, the harassed libertine, Tomas. Suddenly we're shown everything again, from her point of view, and we see that her "jealousy" is in fact her fear of sinking back into the bestiality of her childhood.

Edmund White is the author of States of Desire *(Dutton),* A Boy's Own Story *(Dutton) and other books. He currently lives in Paris.*

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Kundera is also capable of giving a double political perspective on a single event; in one section he presents the opposing reactions to key political terms as they are experienced by a Swiss intellectual and a Czech refugee. Fiction is the medium best suited for presenting a situational ethics of this sort, and Kundera fully exploits this aspect of his craft.

In France the publication of *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* was as much a political as an artistic event. Obviously both the right and the left can sympathize with an anti-Soviet dissident, the spokesman for a persecuted and silenced small nation. When faced with a figure such as Kundera, French leftists, eager to atone for former Soviet sympathies, begin to echo the unregenerate anti-Communism of Gaullists.

A sign of this somewhat polemical sympathy is the cult of personality to which Kundera has been subjected. Usually the French are extremely reticent about discussing the personalities of living writers. But almost every article and review, no matter how lofty its literary tone, has begun with descriptions of Kundera's looks. Thus the right-wing *L'Aurore* tells us: "Each of his glances burns like a glowing ember of truth," whereas the leftist *Libération* reports, "Milan Kundera has the shoulders of a weight-lifter, the flat stomach of a gymnast. All the humor of his novels. His charm is virile and casual. . . . He often wears black shirts, buttoned up to the top button of a collar that's a bit stiff. He lends style to his depressions; he knows how to make being blue into something elegant." The rightist *Le Quotidien de Paris* tells us, "He has neither the beard nor the scanty hair of the prophet Solzhenitsyn but the virile mask of Paul Newman, more the face of a modern Don Juan than of an emaciated philosopher."

In the chorus of praise, the only dissonant notes, interestingly enough, have been sounded by the right. If the basis of conservatism is the conviction that human nature is something universal and eternal, then any analysis of how history changes that nature is unwelcome. Kundera, for instance, shows how large events and politics have a specific impact on the personalities of individuals. Of course no right-wing critic ever clearly admits an aversion to such analysis; instead, it is usually veiled as an esthetic criticism of "excessive" philosophizing. Ideas are acceptable to conservatives only if they render a resolutely grim picture of humanity (as in Beckett's fiction). There is a human nature, conservatives tell us, and it's rotten. But the way in which ideas mold, change, condemn, redeem or more usually torment Kundera's characters is simply not acceptable to most of them, who dismiss his speculations as "naïve," "sentimental" or "dull"—three code words for "disturbing."

In France conservatives have decided to fashion two Kunderas. They have (despite the speculative turn in even his earliest fiction) created an earlier, primitive, artistic Kundera (the good one), who lived in Czechoslovakia. Then there's the latter-day, excessively Parisian and trendy French Kundera (the bad one). Here's the Christian newspaper *La Croix*: "We're prey to a certain uneasiness in the face of this impossible marriage of East and West. As if exile had increased Kundera's great fragility." Or the satirical *Le Canard Enchaîné*: "Of course, this transformation, Kundera's transition into emptiness, arouses cries of glee from terribly Parisian coteries: he's one of ours!" Or, in the new conservative *Magazine Hebdo*, Kundera is accused of being "metaphysical" simply in order "to fill the 300 pages expected by his editor." Finally, *Le Quotidien de Paris* tells us Kundera "has been reduced to the world of a Phillipe Sollers. He's a snob and sophisticate in his language, and even his sexuality is Left Bank; it has all the coy little extras of Paris and academe. But if Sollers amuses, Kundera disappoints." The reference to the famously trendy Sollers arises because an issue of his cultural review, *L'Infini*, was recently devoted to Kundera—an issue distinguished primarily for its interview with Kundera himself, in which he discusses in precise detail the musical construction of his fiction.

In spite or perhaps because of such quibbles, the French response to Kundera has undoubtedly been attentive and respectful. French high culture is far more literary than musical or cinematic or theatrical. France is a country governed by the *discours* and the *colloque*, but even such formal occasions for verbal dispute are overshadowed by the Book, the Masterpiece, in which a great moral and intellectual leader addresses the future of humanity and of European culture in

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particular. Kundera—despite his irony, his abiding suspicion of any cant, any uniformity of opinion and especially of kitsch—is currently the favored spokesman for the uneasy conscience of the French intellectual. □

Uneasy Soul Mates

JUDITH THURMAN

THE PACT. *By Thorkild Bjornvig. Translated by Ingvar Schousboe and William Jay Smith. Louisiana State University Press. 169 pp. $14.95.*

There is probably no couple whose love seems more "unnatural" or causes a greater stir when exposed to public view than that of a powerful old woman and a dazzled young man. They may elicit pity or indignation, lewd amusement or approving sympathy, but they will never pass unremarked. I don't think it is simply their rarity that makes the impression. It is the sense that they are challenging a very basic law: the etiquette of dominance and submission.

When she was 64 and he was 32, Isak Dinesen fell in love with a young Danish poet named Thorkild Bjornvig. She would later write about their relationship in "Echoes," the tale of a great diva who tries to resurrect her own lost voice in a young peasant boy. It is one of several works in which Dinesen explores the dangers of meddling with another person's fate—the dangers of a certain kind of "cannibalism." But it is not one of her best treatments of the subject, partly I think because she always needed distance—an overview—to get things clear, and in "Echoes" she was still too close to the experience. The story perpetuates the delusions of grandeur whose folly it describes.

Bjornvig, however, waited twenty years to write his version of the affair, which was published in Denmark in 1974 and has now been translated into English, with much elegance and subtlety, by Ingvar Schousboe and William Jay Smith. *The Pact* is an invaluable document for the biographer or the critic, for it admits us to the presence of Isak Dinesen through a door she herself had locked long before. But it is also a remarkable book in itself. Most memoirs seal off the experience they describe. This one is an act of unsealing. The prose has all the irony and poise you would expect from a mature artist of Bjornvig's stature, but it has a shocking rawness too—which the more provincial Danish critics spoke of as "embarrassing." Their discomfort came, I think, less from the subject matter than from a sense that the author was permitting himself to be surprised by his own instincts as he recalled them. He does not try to dominate his material with the usual strategies of the memoirist: nostalgia or dry detachment, solemnity or a need for self-vindication. In *The Pact*, as in his love for Dinesen, Bjornvig shows a great gift for submission.

Dinesen and Bjornvig were ripe for each other when they met in the winter of 1948. It was a sterile period for her writing, which made her other sorrows harder to bear. She was ill with incurable syphilis, felt deeply—indeed paranoically—unappreciated as an artist and was furious with the "harmlessness" of Danish life. Bjornvig was just coming into the fullness of his talent, and was, in his own words:

> of an impassioned and awkward, irresolute nature, full of contradictions, easily moved to hubris and to gloom. I aspired after wisdom and rose to my best in humor and affection. All in all, I matured late and my mind was filled with immense amounts of unclassified material that might be regarded as potentialities, which undoubtedly attracted my prophetess, whom I thought I needed far more than I could ever imagine she might need me. This, too, she knew precisely—and she demanded in return, with almost an Old Testament zeal, that I should have no other gods before her.

But here was a great irony. The pact between these two was an arrangement for emotional security undertaken in the name of risk, of going farther and deeper with another human being than was seemly or prudent. Perhaps that is the form romantic love always takes: two people deeply ambivalent about intimacy, who long for it but feel it to be

Judith Thurman is the author of Isak Dinesen: The Life of a Storyteller *(St. Martin's), which won the 1983 American Book Award. She is working on a documentary about the poetry of Emily Dickinson.*

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langerous, decide that one will do the etting go for both lovers, and one will lo the holding on—keep the control. They will thus magically complete each other. They will become, as a unity, nvulnerable.

When Dinesen tested Bjornvig, she found him capable of recklessness and ecstasy. He was able to improvise with ier in the charged, allusive manner of ier own tales. And so she declared that she would "lay [her] cape" upon his shoulders, and their pact began. Under ts terms, she would nurture his art, sanction (and orchestrate) his transgressions, dream and metamorphose with iim, spoil him with her wisdom and ier champagne, and make him, in her own phrase, "hard." He, in exchange, would surrender his will to her, which he yearned to do.

This was not the first time Isak Dinesen had spoken of or entered into a "pact." She felt she had such a covenant with her dead father; with the Africans on her farm in Kenya; and in particular, with her servant Farah, who "knew of all that I did or thought." A pact was a dream of merging, of mystical union, of a loyalty so constant it could withstand any test or vicissitude, even (perhaps especially) death. That dream occurred when she felt most misunderstood or abandoned.

But all her previous relations of this kind had either been unilateral or implicit. No man had ever been willing to love Isak Dinesen on her own strenuous terms. How intoxicating it must have been to find, at such a late age, an imaginative partner of this caliber. Bjornvig describes the atmosphere of one winter dinner in her green room:

> Our conversation was without intent or plan. . . . In my advanced state of intoxication I sometimes talked liked a waterfall. . . . Or I was suddenly interrupted by my exhilaration that struck like bolts of lightning and dazzled my entire being. Strangely enough, without drinking anything but a little water and coffee, Karen Blixen [Dinesen] literally went along with my state of rapture; excited, attentive, laughing far more frequently than she normally did, now and then gently tugging my hair as she went by me to fetch or arrange something. While I listened intently with my whole being, she said heartwarming things or terrible ones . . . "I am imagining, for one may imagine anything and everything. . . ."

Bjornvig and Isak Dinesen may have

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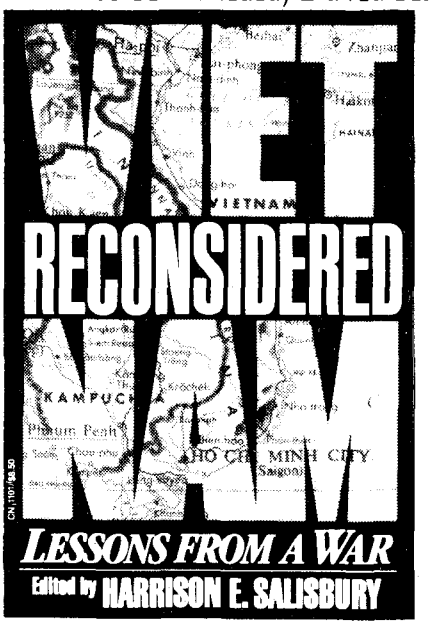

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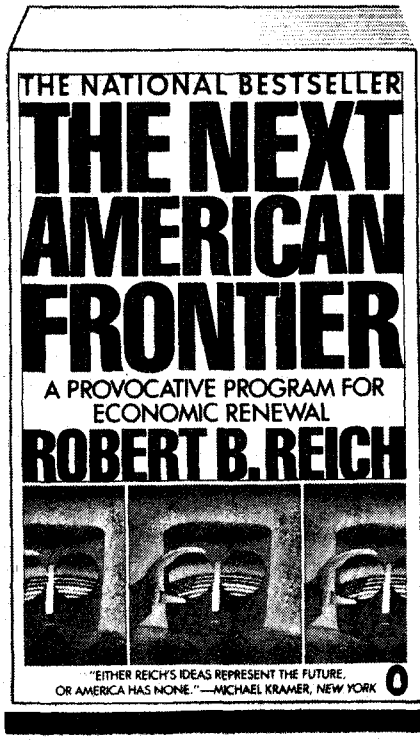
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"imagined everything," but they didn' do everything. It was a passionate love affair in every sense except the most ordinary. For one thing, he was married. For another, she was extremely frail. How much simpler it would have been, Dinesen once remarked at a moment of crisis, if they could just have run away to Venice.

How much simpler it would have been had she been a powerful old man and he an adoring young woman, though how much less interesting. Couples who challenge sexual conventions in a daring manner eventually feel a strain, a fatigue, the gravity of the "normal" pulling at them, and no expense of idealism or defiance can quite compensate for it. Bjornvig rebelled at Dinesen's possessiveness, which grew more intense as she felt him slipping away from her. When he finally fell in love with a nice young matron, rather than with the "snakecharmer" she had prescribed as an antidote to his marriage, the goddess—to his naïve amazement—turned into a woman: hurt, jealous, vengeful, desperate.

Her paradox was to demand total surrender while longing for a lover who would limit her fantasy of omnipotence. Bjornvig was too yielding. His passivity infuriated her. ("The fool did what I asked him to do. It made me look ridiculous," she once drawled to a friend.) He couldn't rise to be her equal, or more than that, to be her master, and the distance between them confirmed her loneliness.

After the pact was broken, Dinesen and Bjornvig resumed a wary friendship. He never ceased to love or admire her, while keeping his distance. She never ceased to hope great things for him, while nursing her disappointment. She urged him to write about her, and about them, but only after she was dead, when he would have both the emotional and the artistic freedom to do so. That was perhaps her most valuable lesson: that you must not write for any individual, nor for any faction, but because you "owe God an answer." Bjornvig has given one. □

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FILMS.

ANDREW KOPKIND

Greystoke
Iceman

When the muses are melancholy, the noble savage appears. Caliban came just when Shakespeare, worried that his dramatic powers were waning, prepared to retire to Stratford for a terminal career in real estate. King Kong was a Depression baby; Kong II was a product of post-Vietnam malaise. Wild children, magical mutes and pachyderm people emerge in the twilight of hope. Something about sadness brings out the beast in us, as if to suggest that man's fault, as well as man's fate, lies in the ape that is our essence.

Both *Greystoke*—Tarzan's current vehicle—and *Iceman* are parables of the beast in postmodern dress, which is to say the scanty threads of prehistoric fantasy. They could not have come at a better time, when Luddism and know-nothingness are getting a bad press from the practitioners of chic science and *Realpolitik*. Now we see the upside of creationism; no Neanderthal ever built a B-1 nor chimpanzee made acid rain. We may contemplate an innocent time before the invention of the Op-Ed page, when primate communication was so deconstructed it consisted of little more than grunts and chirps and the odd unprocessed word. If nothing else, films like these make it easier to imagine a world without Ted Koppel.

As noble savage stories go, *Greystoke* has sweep, subtlety, sophistication and stratospheric production values. Director Hugh Hudson, whose *Chariots of Fire* was the world's slowest movie about the world's fastest people, here lopes languorously over the Cameroonian rain forest and stately Scottish enclosures to the same elegiac effect he found in his previous milieux. He continues to be fascinated by class, ceremony, physical culture and the contradictions of civilization: not, perhaps, by the meaning of it all, but at least by the trappings. Hudson's politics is the art of description.

For anyone who was raised by a she-wolf in the Auvergne and has just stumbled on the movie listings, the Tarzan legend begins something like this: Lord Jack Clayton, heir to the earldom of Greystoke, and his Lady Alice are shipwrecked off the west coast of Africa. They set up hut-keeping at a picturesque site near a set of spectacular waterfalls. Before long, Lady A gives birth to a son, John (a terrifying sequence in the uncut *Greystoke* version, in which labor is induced by the surprise attack of an enormous bull-ape, was expunged from the final print). Then mother is felled by malaria, father is dispatched by a petulant chimp and young John is recombined with a new nuclear family of prehominids.

Life is perilous in the monkey jungle. Little John loses his fat friend, Figs, to a black panther, and his primate mother, Kala, is skewered by pygmy hunters. But with the aid of a knife (which he has found in his natal shack) and the street smarts peculiar to the genus Homo, John kills the dominant chimpanzee of the troop and becomes Lord of the Apes.

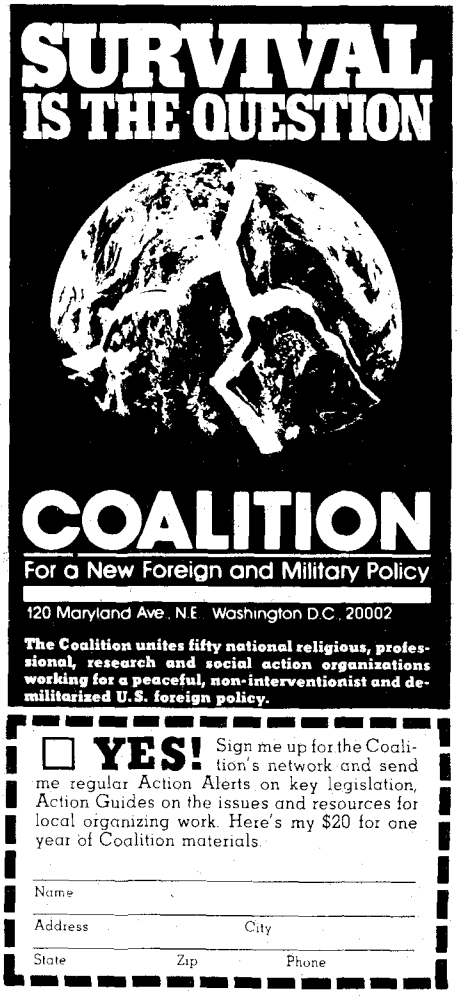
As a young, upwardly mobile semi-simian, John (Christopher Lambert) has had little time to enjoy his reign when explorer Phillippe d'Arnot (Ian Holm, inexplicably brandishing a Walloon accent; in Burroughs's books he was plainly French) happens upon his habitat and tells him about Greystoke and the *oblige* of British *noblesse*. With a few barely believable transitions the two are back in Edwardian Britain, where director Hudson is eminently at home, even if the lost heir to the earldom is not.

Civilization, of course, has more discontents for John than did savagery. He is fitted with a monkey suit of trousers and sleeves; surrounded by unfamiliar fauna that is tamed, leashed, harnessed, caged, mounted, dismembered and fashioned into women's wear; expected to obey arbitrary rules of etiquette; and introduced to the customs of delayed sexual gratification. Between Freud and a frock coat, life at Greystoke is frustrating and freedom is constrained.

Death seems to be the only constant in John's life, the persistant remembrance of his past as Tarzan (a name, by the way, that is used only in the film's subtitle). His kindly grandfather (Sir Ralph Richardson, in his last, loopy performance), who clearly has too many bananas in his tree, regresses rapidly during a castle Christmas party and slides to his death down the grand staircase on a silver platter. Then John, fully invested as Lord of the Manor, bumps into his primate father in a London museum cage; their brief romp in Hyde Park ends in technological tragedy. Britain is getting to be a drag. There's a vast estate to administer, duties to deliver and an emotional relationship with the sympathetic but human-raised Jane (Andie MacDowell) to resolve. Unable to integrate his place in culture with his history in nature, John opts for the latter. *Greystoke* (only Part I?) closes with the naked ape-lord running like an Olympic medalist back to his beginnings.

Certainly there is silliness in such adventure, but something miraculous as well. *Greystoke* is undeniably moving, moody and melancholic. It is serious and affecting, and Hudson cares about Tarzan, feels for his grief, his torment, his dissociative fugues, his doubts about nobility and his nostalgia for savagery. Beneath the clichéd plot is a potent myth.

Credit those production designs for much of the miracle: the jungle is sumptuous, the chimp suits are perfect, the Elgar score is rhapsodic, the Scottish countryside is heavenly, the castle's *tchotchkes* are exotic. Seldom has the appropriation of nature by man, for his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pleasure and self-esteem, been so exhaustively documented. *Greystoke* is chockablock with orchids, ferns and tropical vegetation; with dogs, cats, sheep, horses, stuffed birds and insects on display; with full-dress formal gardens and labyrinthine hedgerows; with Third World servants dedicated to the white master's comfort; with wardrobes bulging with fur coats and pelt collars.

The actors pick their way through all that symbolic underbrush with admirable aplomb. Lambert makes a sensitive Tarzan, more the jungle gymnast than the macho ape, and understandably sullen when he's out of his element. He tends to the boring, but Jane Goodall says chimpanzees don't have much wit or personality over the long haul. MacDowell has been faulted by some critics for her previous credit as the woman in the Calvin Klein TV commercial who says, "Someday, *someday* we're gonna see Atlanta." Actually, that was a more memorable role than her Jane, but I think the writing of the part, rather than the performance, must be blamed. The rest of the ensemble measures up to the highest standards of West End technique. It's sad that Richardson is gone, but I hope the rest will be back in *Greystoke II: The Legend Continues.*

Iceman is not nearly so stylish or complex, but within its modest means it has a crazy kind of integrity, to borrow a backhanded compliment. Oil drillers toiling in the Arctic expanse see a suspicious shape in a block of ice, which after the thaw yields the perfectly preserved body of a Neanderthal-era Inuit named Charlie. At least that's what a cultural anthropologist named Shephard (Timothy Hutton) calls the iceman when he is revivified and the two begin a series of transepochal encounter sessions. Their conversations take place in a vivarium, which for some reason has been constructed under the ice by a scientific team near the drilling site.

Director Fred Schepisi begins and ends his film with an Inuit epigraph about the paradoxical nature of man: part animal, part human, the two elements always struggling to achieve a single synthetic identity. A few years back Schepisi explored the same paradox in a warmer climate; *The Chant of Jimmy Blacksmith* concerned an aborigine rather than an Eskimo, but the man/beast struggle was carried on along similar lines. There seems to be no resolution to the conflict.

Charlie, like Tarzan, suffers from a certain patriarchal guilt. The Lord of the Apes worries about the primate troop he left in the wild while he gallivants around Britain in the company of two-legs. The Inuit, who appears to be some sort of shaman, went out for a dream-walk 40,000 years ago in search of animals for his people to eat, and now he fears he let them down. For a sleeper, the bad news is not hibernation but arousal.

Existential guilt is the great glue of noble savage metaphors. It holds everything together, and sticks the myths to the modern predicament. We are, after all, much like Charlie, torn from our primitive roots, from our nature, from our solidarity with the wild world and our responsibility to our origins. What's worse is that we have sold out to civilization, to the comforts and conveniences of the air-conditioned vivarium. Alienated from the mud (or ice), guilty about culture, hungry for the raw but addicted to the cooked, unable to go backward and pessimistic about the future, we look to God (whom Charlie takes to be a helicopter) or to science.

Neither is terribly helpful. Shephard means well, as does his colleague Diane (Lindsay Crouse) and one or two other polar denizens. But there is no place for the primitive in civilized society, and after a few days at the end of the twentieth century A.D., Charlie is happy to put his body back in the freezer and his soul on ice for another eternity.

Iceman is nicely economical. The action is crammed into the course of two weeks, the sets are few and restrained, the cast is competent or better, the direction has a few moments of invention (Charlie's escape scenes are gripping). John Lone as the Inuit is genuinely touching. But what's best about the movie is the access it provides to the mind of a stranger in an utterly strange land. The future, no less than the past, is a foreign country; people are different there. *Iceman* is the movie that answers the nagging question: What if I went out to the deli for a pumpernickel one morning and came home after millenniums had passed? Now we know we would return to a cold day in hell. □

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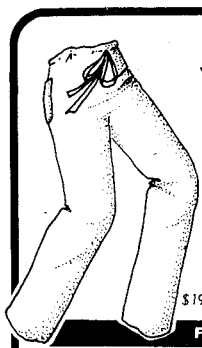

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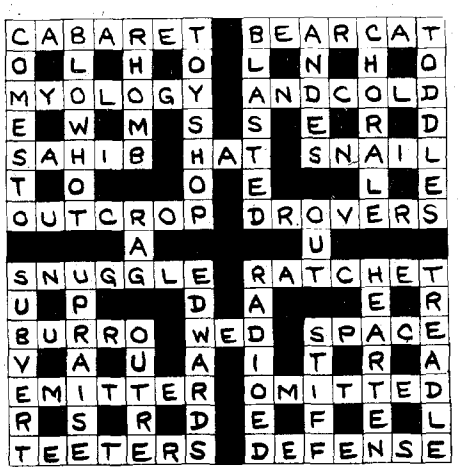

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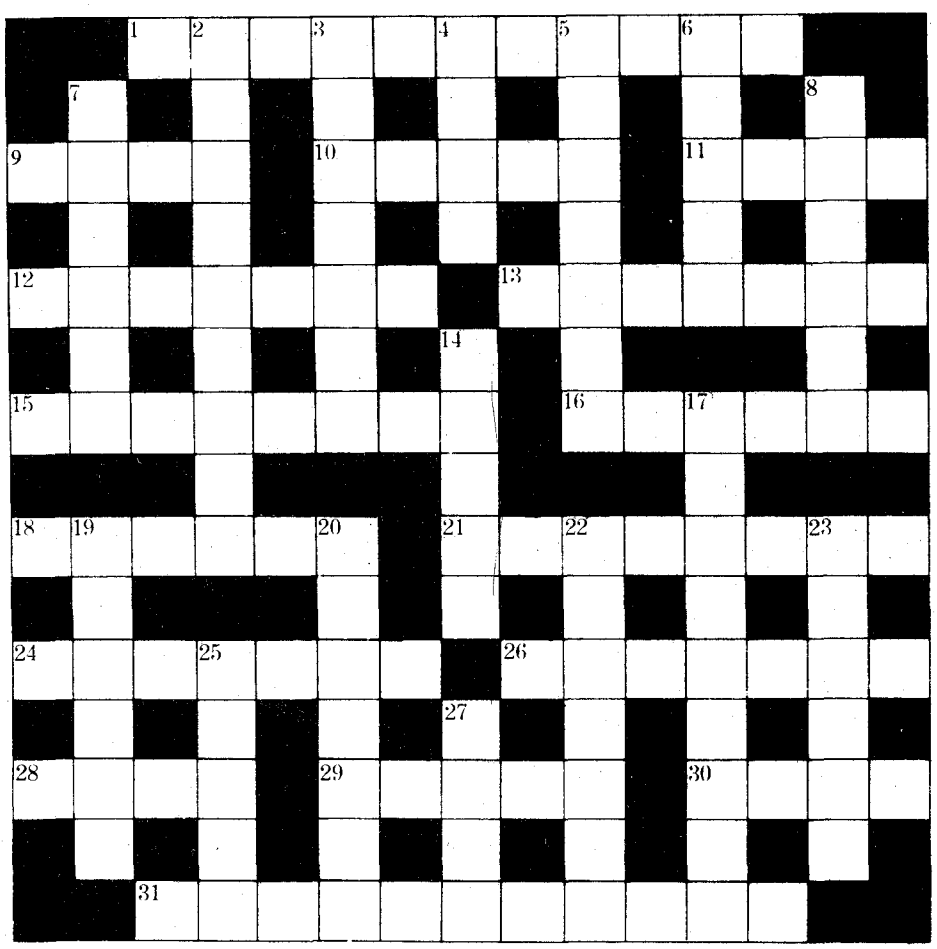
Crossword Puzzle No. 2008

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Lie on a sort of it about Shylock's money—such things could teach you a lesson. (11)
9 As a goddess, she's only confused, dear! (4)
10 and 8 down Water heaped on water—such could pound things down! (4,7)
11 Right smack in your psyche, before noon? (4)
12 Big, but went down unexpectedly—like Rhea and Cronos. (7)
13 With what a Scot might be under, hurried around—but that's how some letters get! (7)
15 Sounds as though camping equipment is very cheap. (So sorry!) (8)
16 Strong-appearing vehicle showing some decay on the outside. (6)
18 Either mother or father, but probably father has the money for lodgings. (6)
21 See 3 down
24 It takes a lot of fuss to put on a Wagner production, no matter how fond of it. (7)
26 Such things should be full of wind. (The crazy agency is certainly not in heaven here!) (7)
28 With the wrong costume there's no reason to boast so! (4)
29 The way I compete with certain climbers? (5)
30 and 19 down Both intoxicated and abstemious, but still safe! (4,3,3)
31 One is naïve to have it, since it reminds one of the ransacked Louvre. (11)

DOWN

2 Play with what belongs to me—it's good for malaise. (9)
3 and 21 across What Caesar granted the Gaulish petitioners? (7,8)
4 When late and out of sorts, you'd better have a good story! (4)
5 A cold's terrible if this shows up, especially when one is not young! (7)
6 The French put a weapon around what might be set to go off. (5)
7 Does it extol an unusual aspect of Paris, to a point? (6)
8 See 10 across
14 One way to take things, but not in the least straightforward! (5)
17 They might make him be less of a nuisance on the surface. (9)
19 See 30 across
20 He drew for Alice a number with a broken line. (7)
22 China and Germany might claim this city. (7)
23 Alter a few small coins, as they say. (6)
25 Gear, otherwise an instance of severity. (5)
27 Billy when young might be typical of such common children. (4)

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